

Vol. 1. No. 1 -- THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT -- April 11, 1953

The World's smallest newspaper -- Circulation this issue: 12 copies.

Edited by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive Published by Renier, Inc.

Circulation editors: Kim & Kay Kintzle Subscription rate: 5¢ per
copy

Net subscription profits to be split between the Kintzle and Renier
girls for investment in sundry items such as candy and pop.

Publication -- whenever we get damn good & ready.

The Mayor can advise you to get ready for a small street assessment to re-surface the street in our block. While the Mayor did not instigate this, we do need it, and the Street Commissioner says it's on the books. Avoca St. will also be widened this summer and receive a surface treatment. This means you gals will be able to go to the store, bus stop, etc. with dry feet. The corner at Seminary will also be cut back and rounded so that you'll be able to make a decent turn when coming from the north. Meanwhile the Mayor has been promised that the City will temporarily run a crushed stone path down Avoca pending the completion of the above improvements. An orchid to Clet Allen, the Street Commissioner, for past and future courtesies.

Have you noticed how different our block is in diversity of architectural expression? Out of twelve homes no two are anything near alike. All the brick houses are different colors; those with asbestos shingles are different colors; the frame houses are all painted differently; we have one natural finish house with a flat roof, one carport, one split-level house -- and what have you!

Now if everyone in the block will plant just 5¢ worth of flower seeds in the front of the house we'll have the neatest looking block in town this summer.

Outstanding architectural features in our block: Dunphy's chimney, Renier's picture window; Mueller's split-level plan; Kintzle's green sidewalk, Ma Glab's asters.

It has been officially decreed that Vince Dressen will have the first block picnic this summer -- seein' as how he's about the only one who has the yard and the fireplace at this stage of the game. Get those engraved invitations ready, Vince! How about Decoration Day? Mueller, why don't you buy the grub, pop and beer

and assess every family per capita? Humpty Dunphy will do the cooking.

Rumor has it that Moose Renier has purchased a new sheer night-gown for summer wear. Some break for Doris Dessen!

The Mayor has alerted Jack Crane, manager of Bunker Hill, about the possibility of Moose Renier and Runt Mueller sneaking over the fence for SEVENTEEN holes of golf.

And Shylock Glab says you guys better keep up your payments on the shacks or SUNNYVIEW DRIVE will be a good street to be FROM!

This is certainly one of the womanest streets in town. If my count is right we have about thirteen girls and only four boys in the block. Runt Mueller seems to have the only right production formula! If I'm wrong I'll correct it in the next issue.

Dopey Dessen says he always liked gladiolus. So He planted some last spring. Only thing is he forgot to dig them up last fall. That's all right, Dopey; hope that rose bush grows this summer. Incidentally, the Mayor has a number of gardening books in case any of you have any doubts.

Did you know that in this block we have, a guy who can draw up your house plans, a guy who can build it (that is, if you build it entirely of plaster), a guy who can put you in hock for it for twenty years, and a guy who can put the fire out in case it catches on fire?

Joe Brennan is what you call a really thoughtful husband. The other day he even bought Lexie a better and heavier rake so she could do a better job of levelling off the yard.

So far as I know there's only one dog in the neighborhood-- which should make it easy on the new evergreens we'll be planting.

If any of you folks have any scandal for the next issue let me have it. We need dope on Moe Marshall and Pappy Pape.

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Circulation Managers; Kim & Kay Kintzle - Subscription rate 5¢ per copy.

Well, folks, here we are again. We had intended to publish this little rag once every few months, but it seems as if the scandal does pile up. We start getting ideas at the rate of one a day, and enthusiasm for the initial issue put the pressure on us to get it out oftener.

We forgot to mention in the previous issue that the main function of this publication is to kid you and insult you much as it is possible to do in a well-mannered way. If you don't have a sense of humor, or feel you can't take it, just tell the carriers, and we'll see that delivery is discontinued.

Incidentally, don't pay the carriers more than a jitney -- they're spoiled enough already. Besides, they divide it up evenly.

Confucius Kintzle says: More neighborhoods are broken up because of parents taking sides in their kid's quarrels than for most any other reason. We've got a wonderful gang here now - let's not disrupt this feeling because of petty disagreements or annoyances. Husbands and wives get on each other's nerves once in a while, let alone neighbors. And let's not choose sides with our kids... let them settle their own quarrels in their own way.

Our own policy has always been that if your kid is in our yard and does something wrong, we're going to reprimand him--or her--just as we would our own. And we expect you to do the same to ours. If one of ours comes home and says you gave her hell, we'll give her a little more. Let's keep it in mind that none of our kids are angels any more than we are.

Hope you've all noticed how Dressen and I beautified the empty lots across from the Mayor's home. When we were digging the lily plants out down in the hole, Dressen, dot dope, says, "Hope nobody sees us doing this; they'll think we're nuts." Says I correcting him, "You mean they'll KNOW it-- they've been thinking it for a long time already."

We've been thinking that the hole in the ground would make a swell pool -- our kids would have a lot of fun, and it'd be a good place to dunk your loopy friends when you threw a party. All parties willing to chip in half a grand, get in touch with the Mayor. I'll start with a five buck contribution.

Where to borrow dept: wheelbarrow - Renier, fertilizer & seed spreader-Kintzle; lawn roller, Dressen; garden tools, Pape; pick-up truck, Mueller; and blue jeans --Rosie Renier.

Which reminds us that the Reniers celebrated their 12th wedding anniversary on April 16th. We have a hunch that Maurie gave Rosie another pair of jeans -- (wonder what she looks like in skirts?) But somehow we can't seem to find out what Rosie gave Maurie!

The Brennans also had an anniversary on April 10th -- their 6th. We understand the florist delivered six roses. We can advise Bad Boy Brennan right now that that's a bad habit to get into... won't be so funny when another 15 or 20 years go by.

Baby sitting dept; Carole and Diane Kintzle, Sue Glab. Diane K. says she might also be persuaded to wash cars once in a while for a fast buck. She does a good job on the Mayor's car.

Incidentally, the Mayor can keep pretty good track of his constituents through the baby-sitter grapevine. Watch your step!

It's an old saw that moving into a new home either indicates a birth or a death. We know there won't be any deaths, so you gals can spend the next few summer months giving each other's tummies the eagle eye.

Wonder who'll be first, Mueller - Renier - Brennan ----- or Glab?

We heard that the rubbish collectors almost took Pappy Pape's truck the other week. Better park that thing back far enough on collection days, Pappy.

We understand that a fellow named Ray McDonald is building the newest number down next to Striefs. Hope he's the type who'll chime in with this bunch. Won't have any fun if he doesn't. We haven't gotten any definite dope yet, But hear somebody is also going to build next to him. Let the Mayor know when you hear.

Runt Mueller says I have all the gravy; since I write this paper myself nobody can get off any cracks about me. If anybody has any good gags about me, I'll print them word for word. No foolin'.

Our block picnic won't be Decoration Day-some of us won't be able to be present. However it will be sometime during the summer. Whenever we can all agree on a certain Sunday.

The Sunnyview Sentinels were well represented at the last Holy Name meeting at St. Anthony's. Present; Runt Mueller, Moose Renier, Moe Marshall, Bad Boy Brennan, and Curly Kintzle. Absent ; Humpty Dunphy Pappy Pape, Dopey Dressen. Let's make it 100% next time.

The Williamses seem to be the walkinest family in the block. Every time we look out the window, there is a Williams either coming from or going to. More activity than a cat on a tin roof.

The Pappy Papes are going in for gardening in a big way -- Dopey Dressen in a little way--hope thay plant something worth stealing. Guess I should go light on this one, since I'm going to plant my tomatoes in Dressen's little acre.

For the benefit of the curious, the Mayor has been up in the Wisconsin woods for the past two weeks beautifying the Lutheran Church in Antigo. Which leads to the question of a mayor pro tem to act while the Mayor is out of town. So after much cogitation as to the respective merits of all the squatters in the block, I hereby appoint the following for a term of two years; come Michelmas;

Mayor pro tem -- Moose Renier; he's always nosing around anyway.
 Chief of Police--Runt Mueller--small guy but authoritative voice.
 Fire Chief--Humpty Dunphy--a natural, of course.
 Supt. of Parks--Dopey Dressen--how that man does worry about this block looking nice.
 Assessor--Shylock Glab--he can really give you the prong.
 Building Commissioner--Moe Marshall--he's the best sidewalk Sup'T. in the block anyway.
 Dept. of Sanitation--Pappy Pape--it'll be up to him to see that the dogs stay away from our shrubbery and the pests out of our garden.
 Councilmen--Bad Boy Brennan, Stupe Stewart, and Slug Strief.
 Their duties will be keeping the empty lots looking decent.

That's all for this time folks. We will shortly send the carriers around with orders to gather news. Are you going on a trip; did you fight with your wife; are you pregnant (or do you intend to get pregnant) when is your anniversary, etc. ? Write the dope on a slip and give it to the carriers. Look for the next issue about July 1st.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT

The World's smallest newspaper -- Circulation this issue, -
16 copies

Edited & published by the Mayor of Sunnview Drive

Circulation editors -- Kim & Kay Kintzle

Subscription, 5¢ per copy

The following is stolen from our good friend, Al Link, the ace reporter, who in turn borrowed it from somebody else, et cetera, ad infinitum. Anyhow, it's so doggone good it's worth stealing:

"A man comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will. When he's little big girls kiss him, when he's big only little girls kiss him. If he's poor he's a bad manager; if he's rich they say he's dishonest. If he needs credit he can't get it; if he's prosperous everyone wants to do him favors. If he's in politics they accuse him of graft; if he's out of politics he isn't patriotic. If he gives to charity it's for show; if he doesn't he's a stingy cuss. If he practices his religion they call him a hypocrite; if he practices no religion he's a hardened sinner. If he shows affection he's a softy; if he cares for nobody he's cold-blooded. If he dies young there was a great future for him; if he lives to be 100 he missed his calling. If he saves his money he's a miser; if he spends it he's a wastrel. If he works hard he's crazy; if he doesn't work he's a bum -- so what's the use?"

Confucius Kintzle says this should give us pause before passing judgment on the neighbors. We all say things, and do things, on impulse -- things we don't mean. Before we get peeved about some chance remark, or action of one of the gang, let's think two or three times. Our neighborhood solidarity is too valuable to be disrupted by such petty things. And it's always the one who gets huffed who's the loser in our fun pool.

This issue of the SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT was originally dated June 26th, but due to circumstances beyond the control of the editor, and publisher, it was delayed so long that we scrapped it and started all over again. Meanwhile, more news had come along, hence the unusual size.

To get down to business -- the block picnic was certainly up to expectations -- and more! Everyone seemed to enjoy himself (and herself) to the fullest extent. We missed the Dunphy's and the Williams and hope they can make it next year. We missed the Glabs too, but since they paid us a visit, and then were swell enough to let us crash their family party it seemed to end up as one big party, what with dancing in the driveway, and all the other shenanigans. The way Runt Mueller and Nellie Glab like to dance with each other looks like they're going steady.

An orchid to Syd Haudenschild for the loan of the tent for the picnic; a big red rose to the Glabs for being pals about the gang crashing their party; a bouquet of dandelions to Dopey Dressen and Runt Mueller for engineering the picnic. Next year's fall guys -- Bad Boy Brennan and the Mayor.

At a brief business meeting during the picnic the following matters were decided upon. The block Xmas party to be on

the Marshalls beat everybody -- they planted their tulips last fall before they ever moved into their homes.

The only ones who don't have a flower blooming in the yard are the Muellers and the Reniers -- shaaaaaame on you!

Incidentally, we've discovered the neighborhood handyman -- none other than Moe Marshall. All in no time at all he killed a snake, waited on table at a church party and fixed Kintzle's sewing machine. Any lawnmowers to sharpen?

Runt Mueller complains that we don't insult people enough. So here goes. We understand the Muellers had a nervous two weeks a while back -- wondering if? -- oh, well, Mikie and Stevie should have a little sister anyhow! Sometime!

In looking over the plans for the new Building & Loan Co. offices (the Mayor is going to install the ceilings) we find a nice cozy lunch room for the employees. Since most of the employees are female we expect that Shylock will be calling up Nellie every other day or so to say that he's terribly busy and is going to have lunch at the office. Never mind, Nellie, there's always Runt!

Rumor has it that Alberta Williams has been married these many months. Why don't you give us all the news, Alberta, so we can congratulate you in high style? Lots of luck!

As soon as anyone finds out the names of the people who will live in the three new houses on the west end let us know so we can publish them in the next issue.

Looks as if one of the Kintzle lounges is female -- and had a litter. One for Renier, one for Brennan, one for Pape, one for Dressen. Maybe more, but I can't see any further down the street from our yard. Of course, Dressen is the essence of courtesy -- he snoozes on the lounge and lets Doris have a nice blanket.

Incidentally, in case you think we're not witty enough, don't squawk -- what the hell do you want for a nickel, Winchell?

We have a couple of new subscribers to our rag -- Ludeschers and Kutches (she plays piano for Joey Paradiso). Also complimentary copies to George, the mailman, and Father Stemm.

The Glabs celebrated their 24th wedding anniversary in May-- don't have the exact date because they weren't at the picnic. CONGRATULATIONS!

Next anniversary will be the Stewart's -- in case we don't go to press before Aug. 15 -- CONGRATULATIONS to you, too!

Afterthought -- the Glab's 25th celebration next year should really disturb the peace!!!/

Another afterthought -- we have to congratulate Nellie on being a grandmaw -- and a damned spry one, too.

As we sit here slaving over a hot typewriter we can't help but mention that the Kintzle kitchen-dining room was featured in the national architectural magazine, HOUSE & HOME. It was featured in a full page ad by Carr, Adams & Collier Co. The June issue.

Also, our tennis champion daughter, Carole, was featured on the society page of the Telegraph-Herald.

We nominate for a television bout Janie Dessen and Mary Jo Brennan. Give them five minutes together and there's a row. Cutest thing you ever say, but Doris and Lexie are getting tired of refereeing.

We just found out that Dopey Dessen reminds us of nothing so much as Major Hoople. Put a garden tool in his hand and he lasts just about as long as the Major. Then the lawn bench gets a workout. His supervision, however, is excellent.

Neighborhood problem #1 -- Bad Boy Brennan's driveway. We'll soon have a new resurfacing job on Sunnyview without cost to the city.

Our definition of baby-butt pink -- Pappy Pape's back after a day in the garden.

Our neighborhood is getting screwier by the minute -- saw a guy walking down the street the other Sunday making like music with a saw and a screwdriver.

Hope the rest of the neighborhood got some sleep the night Diane Kintzle and Sue Glab slept on our roof.

We see the Stewarts have their house for sale. And now along comes Mueller. Hope they'll change their minds and decide to stay in the neighborhood -- where can you find a better one?

Suppose you guys noticed that Runt Mueller got some shrubbery in his terrace overnight. Who else could grow a five foot tree that quickly? Of course, Brennan and the Mayor helped.

But the pay-off was Doris Dessen on Janie's swing. Dopey should have picked a bigger limb.

We hope Maureen Renier is over her sickness by now. It's a shame her vacation had to be spoiled by it. On top of that

we miss her in the neighborhood. Besides, the Renier lawn looks bare without Rosie out there on the lounge.

Parting shot -- you're always trying to get something on the Mayor; here it is -- to his family he's often known as Curly-Squirrely. Wonder why?

Well, I guess that about ties up the ends of this roll of bologna. Next issue in a couple of months. If you go on a vacation hire a watchman. Keep the Mayor posted on any new developments.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE.

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT

The World's Smallest Newspaper

Vol. 1 -- No. 4

Sept. 15, 1953

Edited & published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive

Circulation editors -- Kim & Kay Kintzle

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Mayor Kintzle, the Sage of Sunnyview, reflects;

Did you ever stop to think of all the ingredients that have to go into a successful marriage? MOM has to be a perfect chef, a chambermaid, a seamstress, a lawyer & judge (if you have more than one small fry), a gardner (if you want a home instead of just a shelter), a nurse, a secretary (if your office is in your home), a model (if you like to be proud of her when you go struttin'), a teacher, a religious exemplar, a laundress, an interior decorator and, to top it all off, a-a-a- loving wife. POP has to be lawyer & judge, too, a financier & banker, a plumber, electrician, carpenter, painter, gardner, auto mechanic, a perfect driver (God help you if you're not with a woman in the car), a tinkerer with washing machines, hoovers, et cetera, a father confessor & a breadwinner. In addition, if he wants to go the limit he should also be a pretty good tennis player, swimmer, golfer, picnicker and what have you. Finally, he's expected to be a sharp dresser, and a ding dong daddy when you go out on a frolic. Then, if you're as nuts as I am, you even monkey around writing this paper.

Anyway, who says marriage isn't big business? It handles more money, copes with more problems, and produces more than all the businesses in the world!

And parents really aren't people -- they have to be supermen nowadays!

Having this journal mimeographed beginning with the last issue was sort of like making our professional debut. We discussed the problem of price with some of the subscribers and seems none of them objects to paying 10¢ per copy. Therefore, that will be the official price from now on. The last issue cost over \$4.00 to print. Since the carriers get half the subscription price for delivery, this sort of leaves the editor out of pocket. However, I don't mind being taken for a little loss--it's just as cheap a hobby as losing golf balls the way Renier & Mueller do, or not catching any fish like Dope Dressen. On top of that I get the chance to smart off without anybody being able to answer back.

Of course, if you think the price is too steep you can always be a HEEL and read your neighbor's copy.

Anniversary wishes to the Stewarts who celebrated on August 15th; to the Mayor & Mayoress who were hitched eighteen years ago Sept. 7th. Also to Pappy and Mammy Pape who will celebrate on Oct. 24th and to Moe and Doe Marshall whose knot was tied eighty-five years ago come Oct. 9th.

And speaking of weddings we've learned that Alberta Williams' married name is Mrs. Bob Stallman. Also that a Smallman is due in October. Happy days, Alberta!

We're happy to tell all you guys that there'll be no assessment for resurfacing our block. Seems the city can only assess you once in so many years for street paving and it was their error in not

making everyone run in sewer & water when the job was done the first time. Sometimes we do have luck -- only the b.w. will probably use the saving as an excuse to go downtown and buy a new dress.

And don't pester me about Avoca Street anymore. The city has promised to straighten it out in fall, but there's no sense in having anything done until all the paving down at the other end of the neighborhood is finished. Then if they don't fix it we'll go to the council in a body.

Which reminds us -- an orchid to John Ludescher for keeping his lots on Avoca St. free of weeds, etc. That's what you call cooperating with the neighborhood.

Ma Glab's asters are out of this world again this year! Also Mammy Pape's begonias. But we lay claim to the prize roses.

Don't tell the town but ever since we caught Dopey Dressen shaking out a barber cloth we've been wondering whether Doris cuts her Vincie-Wincie's hair! We think he'd look perfectly adorable with a Toni, Doris.

The Brennans have taken two trips into Wisconsin this summer -- we started to get worried during the last one. We began to wonder whether the new baby might not be born in a boat in the middle of Lake Delavan!

Now when the Dressens went on vacation they were so worried about what we might do when they were gone that they didn't sleep nights. Here's the text of a note which was delivered to me the day before they left:

"Dear Mayor,

This is to inform you that there will be a \$50.00 fine for any damages done at 2080 Sunnyview while I am on vacation."

V.W. Dressen

Then the For Sale signs I put out on his house disappeared too soon -- he was in cahoots with one of the gang -- I don't know yet who, but murder will out! Which led me to give Dopey a new name -- Fox Dressen. Fox Dressen outfoxed Fox Kintzle. But what Vince didn't know until a couple of weeks ago was that the ad in the Buyers Guide offering a mess of baby furniture for sale at 2080 Sunnyview was NOT a misprint. Who's the foxiest fox now, Vincie?

And we must say Bad Boy Brennan took it like a man when we all sat on the curb one night and watched him haul his driveway back out of the street -- not to mention the verbal encouragement we gave him.

We've been giving Joe the business on his driveway for quite a while but the prize this issue goes to Stupe Stewart who actually got stuck in his own driveway one night and had to get the wrecker to pull him out!

It's getting so we all act like Dagwood & Woodley, only let's not get any black eyes over it.

Now that our paper made the headlines in the Telegraph-Herald the neighborhood really has a reputation to live up to. If our lawns, flowers, etc. continue to improve with the years we'll have

a real BETTER HOMES & GARDENS street. It's amazing the number of sightseers who have driven by since we were written up.

And it's a prominent neighborhood, too. A couple of weeks later Humpty-Dunphy had his picture in the paper. And very photogenic you are, CAPTAIN! Congratulations on the promotion, Bob! And also on getting a berth at the new engine house.

Know what Bob's nickname is at the engine house -- BIG ICK!

I forgot to add that our paper, or news of it, gets further than you might think -- to New York, California, St. Paul and Korea.

Alberta Williams got so interested she bought all the back copies.

This is also the time to welcome the Hanrahans to our big happy family. We met them at the dance the other month and they're nice people. But why don't you make the rounds once in a while and get acquainted with some of the other dopes who weren't at the dance?

BUT -- this block has more girls than Heinz has pickles, and then along come Hanrahans with another one. How long is this going to go on? One of these days all of us boys will be playing dolls -- or how about a little game of jacks? Wash day in this block looks like the YWCA moved in on us.

We're expecting to hear any day now that Bad Boy Brennan is going into the driveway business. He's had plenty of experience.

In regards to tricks, jokes and what have you we think the rule should be that nobody plays the same thing twice. It's stale after the first time, so let's try to stay original.

Seems an executive from the phone company called Runt Mueller the other day and told him he could have a private line if he took an office downtown where private wires are plentiful. By happenstance I listened in on part of the conversation and the guy really had Runt sold -- only it turned out to be Moose Renier. Was Runt's face red!

Our condolences to Kay Dunphy on the death of her mother. And to Mrs. Williams on the death of her brother.

Which reminds us to report that a sympathy card was sent to Kay out of the neighborhood fund which we began to collect with the last issue. In order to get this fund built up to a decent amount each family should contribute another two bits. Something tells me Lex Brennan is going to have a E-A-B-Y one of these days. This little fund doesn't hurt anyone or tax anyone very much and it's an easy way to let our neighbors know our feelings for them on the proper occasion. And there isn't one of us who doesn't like to be remembered. We're relying on you to send the kids up to Doris Dressen with your two bits (hope she didn't blow it when they were on their vacation).

Didn't have a chance to send Marie Williams a sympathy card because the fund wasn't in existence at that time.

Well, the St. Bernadette Circle dance at Melody Mill is now history -- and it certainly made a couple of pages. One thing I gotta say; if every other neighborhood, and every other Circle, patronized church events like the SUNNYVIEW SENTINELS we'd have that 50,000 bucks in no time. The SENTINELS attended the dance en masse. Of course, we missed the Dressens who were on vacation, and Runt Mueller missed dancing with Nellie Glab.

Congratulations to you girls -- St. Bernadette's Circle proposes, the Building Committee disposes!

And we've noticed the SENTINELS have attended every other church affair almost 100%. We've certainly been getting a charge out of the transformation taking place at St. Anthony's. The old folks and the kids all having fun together. It's fun to watch our kids have fun -- and I don't doubt that they get a few laughs out of the capers we cut.

And at this point a new Cadillac to Fr. Kuhn for the swell job he's been doing with our teen-agers. But when that new hall is finished he'll throw one that'll make Elsa Maxwell look like a piker.

I've been wondering for a long time whether you guys have the same trouble I do. I need the car for business most of the time -- which is when my wife always wants to know if she can use it. But comes the day when I tell her she can have the car for the day and, so help me, she doesn't even back it out of the garage! They'll do it every time!

Witticism of the month; The Mayor riding Dave McGhee's horse, Speckels, down the street; Slug Strief on his front porch hollers in to Mom, "Hey, Ma, here comes Paul Revere!"

While out of town for two weeks we typed the first part of this rag in an off evening, and left it open for what might have happened when we were gone. It developed that nothing much did happen -- Brennan's driveway is still intact; Dressen is still footsieing around the neighborhood every night, all's well.

Of course, that doesn't include the St. Anthony teen-age meeting at the Kintzle's the other night. We understand this was practically open to the public. Next time we ask you guys to kindly contribute to the cause if you want to watch the hi-jinks. After all, people have paid more to see less many a time!

And our sympathy to Vince Dressen on the death of his Dad. Sorry I wasn't around, Vince, but we understand the block did a swell job in driving up to Louisburg to extend their condolences in person. Guess that's the difference between a neighbor and somebody who just lives next door.

Several months ago one of the gang mentioned that our good neighbors on West Sunnyview had issued a take-off on THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT. We never did see a copy until yesterday when we got home. We enjoyed the two copies we saw very much. We wouldn't say it's just a take-off -- rather a miniature, but a good one!

By way of explanation, NOT apology, may we say that when we (and we use the editorial WE in this case) originated this sheet it was of necessity confined to the 2000 block, since it seems to have been a coincidence that we all knew one another through interrelated

business dealings, or earlier personal acquaintance. Therefore, it was not our intention to be snooty or exclusive. Further, we never received any newsworthy items from the west end. But we do welcome competition -- that's why we can buy an automobile today for \$2000 instead of \$5000 -- and our kids love the DEMOCRAT-REPUBLICAN! SOOOO -- as usual in days past, and in the days to come, life will continue to go on its merry way, and if you shake a jar of beans, the big ones will always end up on the top.

We've heard tell that within two weeks after the Paris couturiers have their showing stylists in New York have already made exact copies -- BUT THEY'RE STILL COPIES!

The dictionary definitions of competition and imitation are still widely divergent!

Our last newsflash before going to press -- the Ludeschers have started their new home. Another welcome addition to the best street in town. On top of that look at all the fun we'll have kibitzing for the next few months (it will also give Fox Dressen something to inspect every night).

In winding up another issue of this example of free American enterprise we have been asked to wrap a copy in oilskin to be placed in the cornerstone of the new court house to be built at 2001 Sunnyview Drive 248 years from now, if the present one doesn't collapse before that date.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE.

Edited & Published by The Mayor of Sunnyview Drive

Circulation Managers -- Kim & Kay Kintzle

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25 copies

Well, gang, here goes for another issue of gossip, glamour & gore! We started this little publishing gem just a bit less than a year ago, not only to give our creative talent(sic) wings, but also as a little experiment in neighborhood relations. But we found that it really turned into an excursion into neighborhood psychology. And who can deny that the results have been good? As we look back to a year ago at the half-finished houses, the muddy yards, the bumpy streets we can certainly survey our progress with pride. And it all boils down to neighborhood cooperation! And neighborhood cooperation means neighborhood PRIDE! It also means helping the other guy out in a pinch, having consideration for his feelings, and all the other small things which add up to doing to your neighbor what you'd expect him to do to you.

We're proud of our first year; there've been no fueds (except among the small fry), everybody's yard is a delight to the eye, our streets are in A-1 shape. In other words we've got what it takes--and we can keep it that way by going on just the way we have been.

I personally haven't had so much fun since I used to write for the Academy & College papers & edited the College Spokesman more years ago than I care to remember. Our finest compliment to date -- Father Stemm's remark that the last issue was the first CLEAN CHRISTIAN issue we put out. Maybe we're getting mellow!

Incidentally, when we start telling other folks how this neighborhood operates, the goofing around we do, et cetera, they almost flip their lids -- they can't seem to understand how that can be. Maybe they ought to teach a night school course in "Successful Neighborhooding" -- they might as well; they have courses in practically everything else!

I also want you guys to take special notice of the way I've spent time and money improving my back lot -- all in anticipation of the block picnic next summer. And by the way, there are very few groups of kids in this man's town who can boast of a community playground as large as our four families at the east end have. About 30,000 sq. ft. (as I reckon it without bothering to get out the tape) -- unmarred & undivided by any fences or other obstructions.

We're wondering whether West Sunnyview is teed off because of our last blast in their general direction. BUT -- it wouldn't be fun if we didn't crack off. We could ignore their journal, but we're writing this paper for fun and just as soon as it ceases to be fun we'll quit! Life's too damned short; and we know of too many other ways to sweat. And we'll be glad to print all the news they want to deliver to us,

We scanned an ad in ESQUIRE for candy-stripe nightshirts. Since it's about time for Renier to don his again we suggest that he go in for candy stripes this season -- and leave the draperies open so the girls can enjoy it as much as they did last year.

Any day now we're expecting Rosie Renier to move that there lounge down in the basement, install a couple of sun lamps, set up a couple of fake palm trees -- and sun bathe while doing the washing.

Anyhow, Bad Boy Brennan's driveway will be frozen until spring -- then the fun'll begin again. And by the time Moe Marshall gets all his retaining walls poured he'll have more concrete in them than there is in Hoover Dam.

Which reminds us that we forgot to report Moe's bad luck when they went to the dance at Melody Mill the other month. Seems Delores was carrying the "baby" out to the car after being duly cautioned by Moe. But no, she dropped the "baby" -- Moe must have looked funny trying to lap that booze up off the walk before it all ran down onto Strief's lawn and killed the grass.

The SUNNYVIEW SENTINELS have really been "sending" them up at St. Anthony's. All we had to do was offer to tear off the old vestibule on the rectory -- and it happened! Just left us a little cleaning up to do. We received orchids for Holy Name attendance -- a tip of the hat to you, Father Stemm. At the Sept. 17th meeting there were eight out of a possible nine present (Humpty Dunphy was on duty) -- with a total of less than fifty men at the meeting! May not be a record but it's a damned good average. And shammme on you, John Hanrahan, for making it 100%. And this seems to be as good a time as any to explain that while this is strictly a neighborhood publication there will always be a few items pertaining to St. Anthony's parish for the simple reason that nine of the families in the block attend that particular church and therefore these items are newsworthy so far as a large segment of our subscribers is concerned. In this respect we merely follow the policy of every other newspaper. I personally don't read the lovelorn column, the teen-age column, the recipe column, etc. in the Telegraph-Herald, but there must be quite a few who do else they would not bother to print them. And of course it's a tribute to our tolerance that it doesn't seem to bother any of us as to which church the other fellow goes to. But we do know that Shylock Glab is treasurer of St. Peter's Lutheran Church (that guy can't even keep his hands out of the till on Sundays).

Speaking of the Glabs, we wish Frank & Nellie would have a battle, or he'd bite somebody's dog -- just anything to give us some copy. And likewise for Hanrahans & Striefs -- no romance in Nancy's life? -- and Stewarts seem to be in the furniture moving business lately, but we haven't yet been able to find out what that's about. Somebody post us.

Of course the most interesting bit this issue is that Runt Mueller seems to have found the combination again, and Virginia will deliver the jackpot in spring. It'll probably be a girl -- and what we need around here are girls. At this date the score for the block is -- GIRLS, 19; boys, 8. Who says this is a man's world?

As a famous comedian once answered when someone asked him when he first became interested in girls: "As soon as I found out they weren't boys!"

Every time Janie Dressen gets mad at Vince she says she's going to get another Daddy -- and the new Daddy is Curly. Smart girl that Janie! (Don't know where she gets it, though.)

The only anniversary coming up before spring seems to be the Strief's -- Feb. 12th -- and it'll be their 30th year of the war. You've held up beautifully folks! Extra special congratulations if we don't go to press before that date!

Every once in a while some joker tells me he's all caught up with his work around home and yard. This always gives me a big charge

because we've owned a home of our own for fifteen years and never yet saw a time that something or other didn't need attention, or couldn't stand improvement. We've come to the conclusion that the bird who makes such a statement is either lazy or blind -- or possibly he's not as meticulous as we are. The appearance of your home mirrors your character just as precisely as does the mirror, and don't ever forget it!

And now Dopey Dessen has TV. Only thing is he ought to be on it instead of in front of it. The boys had quite a time trying to put up the antenna -- one neighborhood project that fizzled out when it got twenty feet in the air -- bright boys, Brennan & Renier.

In a business way I read quite a number of architectural and decorating magazines and nothing seems quite as silly to us as the squib "a conversation piece". Are people getting so stupid that they can't make conversation without the help of an unusual ash tray or planter, or what have you? Imagine arriving in someone's house and sitting there tongue-tied until you spot a lamp that looks like a bunch of baling wire gone beserk, and then saying, "Let's start a conversation. That's a lovely, unique, conversation-piece lamp you have there, where did you get it, Blums or the 4th St. dump?" That, incidentally, will also guarantee the immediate end of the conversation, and the immediate end of your host's hospitality.

Haven't heard anybody beef about the streets lately. What happened?

Like all neighborhoods the world over ours is bound to have its troubles as well as its laughs. And trouble came when Lex & Joe Brennan lost their new baby. We all felt badly about it and we wish to report that Lex received two planters containing ivy out of the block fund. As Lex said, "It's a great neighborhood. Where we lived before we hardly knew our neighbors names". A sympathy card was also sent to Marie Williams upon the untimely death of her brother.

Also our condolences to Alberta Stallman upon the loss of her baby. While she is not a resident of the block, she still seems more or less like one of the Sunnyview family.

All of which proves the worth of our block fund...it depleted it! I believe Doris Dessen has about two bucks left so be prepared to kick in another two bits at the Xmas party. Some of us may say we never get anything back, but I feel about it like I feel about insurance -- I'm willing to pay it hoping that I'll never collect anything from it.

Now that the Kesslers are legal residents of the best block in town we hereby extend a FORMAL WELCOME to Louie & Murph. We certainly gave them a rough time a few days after they moved in but they rose to the occasion and a good howling time was had by those who barged in -- those of you who didn't missed the boat. And what if there weren't any rugs on the floor, or draperies on the windows, or TP in the bathroom? And no "conversation pieces"? And we thought it was pretty cute the way they pasted the key to Sunnyview Drive in their picture window. We'll make it up to you next time Ks. And look gang, now Louie'll get you all your furniture wholesale!

Halloween week-end went over with a bang in our block. Halloween night was Fox Dessen's birthday (you don't look a day over fifty, Fox) and it seems Fox and his frau went to a costume party with part of the gang -- of course, Fox didn't need a costume or a mask. Also it seems they had a few drinks in Vincie's barroom first -- to the accompaniment of a barrage of fireworks laid down by some skunk who has been decorating a church down near the Missouri border. Neither did the Fox need an alarm clock to get out of bed the next morning.

Then began the saga of the fifteen whiskey bottles; it began early on Sunday morning:

- 6:45 A.M. -- the Mayor goes out on the porch to snag the paper, finds fifteen empty whiskey bottles strewn around on porch, lawn & in bird bath.
- 6:50 -- the Mayor sneaks the bottles over onto Brennan's porch.
- 8:30 -- Brennan sneaks bottles onto Dressen's front porch -- the chickens have come home to roost.
- 10:00 -- the Mayor catches Dressen sneaking bottles onto Pape's front porch.
- 11:00 -- the Mayor and his family go visiting.
- 1:15 -- the Mayor returns home to find bottles displayed on his roof parapet.
- 1:30 -- the Mayor sneaks bottles onto Renier's chimney, via ladder.
- In the middle of the night -- bottles blow off Renier's chimney.
- Tuesday -- bottles wind up in rubbish collection.

Only we slipped up in not charging John Ludescher admission -- he had a free show all day while working on his new house.

Since John will be the only resident of Avoca Street he can be the Mayor, Council and the whole kit & kaboodle. We're thinking of letting John be a SUNNYVIEW SENTINEL if he promises to be a good boy, and go to Holy Name meetings, fix his yard up real purty and otherwise conduct himself like a member of the best block in town -- oh, you lucky boy, John!

And your house will be a welcome addition to the neighborhood. Now about all we have left to worry about is who buys the house down on the other corner next to Hanrahan's. Better be a good Joe.

And speaking of playgrounds we've worked out a system for the Kintzles, Brennans and Dressens. All the girls play on our porch in June, July, August & September -- they use Brennans basement in April, May, October and November -- therefore they should use Vince's nice playroom for the four winter months -- only Dopey doesn't want to cooperate, says they get on his nerves. Why not give the girls a break once in a while -- they get tired of playing in the same places, grampa.

But with all the ribbing we give Dopey we still nominate him as the most popular guy in the block -- never saw him get excited or peeved about anything. And we nominate Slug Strief for the friendliest guy in the block, not only does he wave when he goes by, but he generally slows up and exchanges a few remarks to boot.

Louie Kessler's official name henceforth will be Kid Kessler.

^{DRESSEN'S} And don't anybody forget the block Xmas party to be held in ~~Mueller's~~ recreation room on Saturday, Dec. 26th (as was agreed upon at the picnic this summer). Virginia says she's ~~still~~ ^{sick} game in spite of the dirt Runt done her.

^{VINCE'S} Since it will be held at ~~Runt's~~ we think he should pick ~~Moe~~ ^{BRENNAN}, Shylock or whomever he wants to help decide upon, and purchase, the meat & beer just as we did for the picnic. Then everyone will be assessed an equal amount. You bring your own hooch, the set-up will be included with the beer. No children -- so line up your baby sitters early. The girls will draw numbers from a hat to see which four will help ~~Doris~~ ^{Doris} clean up the next day (or shall we all help - and have another party?). In case you can't come let ~~Mueller~~ know so they can plan the amount of food, etc.

^{DORIS}

This issue ends Volume 1 of the SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT. Hope you had as much fun reading it as I had writing it. We print all the news

that's fit to print -- and some that isn't! At the rate things are going Vol. 2 next year should be even more fun.

Until then the Editor and his family wish you all a VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS, and a LUCKY NEW YEAR! May all you girls get a new fur coat from the old man for Xmas, and may all us guys get a new car from our wives, and may we all have a lot of fun playing with the kids' toys.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE.

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive
Circulation Managers -- Kim & Kay Kintzle

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Please note that we are entering our second year of publication with this issue. The greatest pleasure in publishing this rag is the fact that I can foist it on you whenever I get the urge. No deadline to meet, no watching the clock to see that all the news is in on time. Last year we had five issues -- this year we might have six -- or only four. I've had a helluva time getting this one out. Been at it for several weeks, but what with the holiday festivities, business, making out the old income tax report, etc., I've taken my good old time. Besides which I have to be in just the right mood to record these gems for posterity. And to think you get it all for only one thin dime!

As we look back on the last year it was a dinger! It's human nature to sit around and gripe on what went wrong, what you wish you had but don't have. Let's take a look and then lift our chins up another 36 inches. A report from East Germany shows that you pay \$1.13 for a packet of stale biscuits, many times you can't buy potatoes at all, butter is \$4.54 a pound. And their income! Brother! In Russia it costs a stenographer \$25, or approximately one week's wages, to buy a cheap leather purse, a pair of simple leather pumps cost \$78, a cheap serge suit for a man costs \$375, or a month and a half's pay for an auto assembly worker who is considered one of the top skilled workers in the USSR. In most of the world, even the free world, most of the people are poor, and they're all poor all the time.

Now let's take a look at our block; we all have our good health, we all have good-looking kids (and wives), we live in pretty fancy shacks, we all drive a nice car (Moe Marchall, the rich b----, even has two), we had Christmas trees, lots of toys and presents, wine and dine ourselves to our heart's content, go to whichever church we please (and I guess that's why they don't have any churches in the Red area -- by the time you feed yourself and hang a few rags on your back you don't have anything left), don't have anybody watching our every move. If we remember that hoary saying that "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday" we'll have a lot more fun out of life. At least it's always worked for me. So what are you b----in' about!

The cold war has nothing on the two Maureens -- Renier and Dunphy. They're on again, and off again, by the hour. We can always tell when they've had a spat. They both start courting the twins.

The Mayor gave Dope Dressen and Bad Boy Brennan a real Christmas salute at 5:30 a.m. with a few Missouri torpedoes, the last I had left. They retaliated on New Year's Eve by shooting Dessen's shotgun off right smack under our bedroom window -- you guys are lucky I didn't report you to the cops!

And, of course, our Xmas party was a huge success. Those of you who missed it really missed something. First our thanks to Uncle Vince & Doris for having it in their recreation room, since Virginia Mueller didn't feel up to par. The cost of the whingding to each couple was about \$3.75; we collected \$5.00 per couple and Doris put the extra money in the block fund -- which now totals about \$16.16. We had no disbursements with the exception of a sympathy card to Frank Glab on the death of his Dad -- you know how the block feels, Frank; he was a grand old gentleman.--we'll miss him next time we have a block picnic, and you

have a family reunion. Guess Virginia Mueller will be the next one to collect on the fund. And we hope we won't have to pay out for anything worse than having babies during 1954. Kid Kessler in a wild moment promised he'd have his basement fixed up by next Xmas and would have the party there. We'll set a date at the block picnic. And we'll also pin the Kid down. For \$3.75 per couple with all food and drinks, the Xmas party was certainly cheap compared to going to East Dubuque and buying a pair of drinks at a buck a pair or more -- and a lot more fun. We won't say whose teeth dropped in the john, who went home with a rather unusual fishing lure pinned to the back of her dress, and what not.

Our own best compliment in many year was from Fibber McGhee at Diane's teen-age party. Told us we were the best hosts of any parents he knew.

Of course, these teen-agers are funny. They never cease to amaze us. For instance, they make a date to go ice skating at 1:00. This then involves a minimum of ten phone calls to decide what to wear, just which exact spot to meet on (you'd think the rink was as big as Madison Square Garden), who do you think will be there in the line of b-o-y-s, etc.

Mom and I just grew a few years older overnight the other week. Our Carole and Diane (her first formal) went to the Military Ball -- and they were the cutest girls there! We grew just a bit more older when we were chaperones at the St. Joe's Academy Winter Whirl with our Carole one of the leaders in the grand march. Our proudest moment in the eighteen years of our married life -- when Mom and I exchanged dances with Carole and her date. And Mer's a pretty good-looking girl herself for being only 35!!!!

And as usual, Sunnyview Drive always makes the paper. Bill Kessler had his picture in the Telegraph-Herald as in charge of the corsage detail for the Military Ball. And a right sharp picture it was, Bill!

We ran into an article in the December issue of BETTER HOMES & GARDENS titled "Could This Happen On Your Street?" which, by happenstance, stressed some of the advantages of neighborhood pride in keeping everything neat. Seems some other neighborhoods around the country have the same idea about keeping the weeds down in empty lots, petitioning the City when necessary, and otherwise making a united effort to have an outstandingly neat neighborhood. Let's keep up our record.

We just can't wait until the spring rains come so we can get to kibitzing Joe Brennan on the driveway. But he'd better get that crushed stone right back or John Ludescher will be out there grabbing it for his driveway. The Ludeschers moved in the other week -- and WELCOME! And now we'll have entertainment all spring watching John fix his yard, criticizing, kibitzing and otherwise making his life miserable.

And, of course, the street is all dug up again so that means everybody will be on my back to get that corner fixed. If this keeps up I might as well rent office space in the City Hall. It'd be a helluva lot handier. But in this case I think I'm going to pass the buck to Ludescher. From now on whenever anyone of us sees John

let's say, "John, when are you going to have the City fix that corner?"

Incidentally, we noted that there were more outdoor Xmas displays this year than last. Hope next year the whole block will have at least a string of lights around the door -- let's make it unanimous.

The Brennans were pretty well gounded over the holidays -- the kids had the measles. Cheated our girls out of baby sitting jobs, but it's a good thing Grandma was on hand to take up the slack.

Which reminds us that Nellie, alias Gellie (?), alias Corny -- legitimate name, Cornelia, now wishes to be known as Grandma. A woman has to be mighty proud of her first grandchild to want to be called Grandma. Okay, Grandma Glab, you still shake a wicked leg -- especially when dancing with Runt Mueller.

Our diamond-studded wrist watch for the month goes to Father Kuhn for providing a private skating rink for the area teen-agers and small fry. Maybe next winter some of us old fogies should try it -- we'll give a prize to whoever can make it around the rink six times. And I'd love to see Uncle Vince Dressen on skates.

If you can't afford a winter vacation in a cunny clime I've found that the best substitute is to sit under a sun lamp and read HOLIDAY. If you want to go a step further you can send for some of those free illustrated travel folders on the West Indies, etc. and browse through them.

We hear through the grapevine that Marie Williams wants to sell her home. She's the oldest resident of the neighborhood. If she really wants to sell it we hope she does. Oh the other hand we'll miss her if she does go. Mueller and Stewart are still with us -- and we're glad.

And by now I guess everyone has admired the sparkler Maurie the Moose gave Rosie for Christmas. Imagine he still loves her, or else is hoping that she'll keep loving him.

The Sunnyview Sentinels have been pretty faithful in their attendance at Holy Name events. But definitely not 100%. We managed to get Dope Dressen out of that old rack the first few months but now he's gotten just like a bear again -- gonna hibernate until spring. Get out and get up, Fox, and take some of that poundage off that trailer you're hauling behind you.

And to those of you who missed the Holy Name breakfast the other month when Bill Blake, former National football official, spoke, all we can say is you missed the boat completely. One of the best, and most entertaining speakers I ever heard. And where else can you get a breakfast and forty-five minutes of top notch entertainment for a buck? The Sunnyview Sentinels were the founders of the block captain system, so let's keep up our record and have perfect attendance. If Dressen doesn't show up next time we're going to Charivari him right

outside the bedroom window!.. And it's about time we get to work on Kessler. What's Nativity got that St. Anthony's hasn't? And where have you been, John Hanrahan?

We won't go to press for a couple of more months, so in checking our census list we find a few congratulations in order. Anniversary felicitations to

the Runt Muellers - March 5 - how many years we don't know, but Ginny is in a position right now where every month seems like a year.

the Bad Boy Brennans - Lex takes care of the yard, Joe takes care of that their driveway. Theirs is April 10th.

the Reniers - April 16 - by that time Rosie will be out in the yard sun-bathing and Moose will be doing the housework.

the Dressens - April 21st - better get going on a baby brother for Janie -- it's a crime to bring one child up alone.

This brings to our attention the fact that three couples seem to have had the same urge about the same time. We always thought June was the month when you got that certain feeling, but they seem to have been unable to wait --typical of the block -- we're always a little ahead in everything.

And don't forget the block picnic which was set last summer for Sunday, June 20. If any change we'll let you know ahead of time. We'll have some additions this year and also guess we'll have to take a new census; This summer Brennan and Kintzle will be the hosts. Suppose we'll have to draw straws to see which yard the tent will be pitched in -- or else pick the better (not best) yard, by which I mean the one with the best trace of grass.

Signs of spring just around the corner -- Pappy Pape in his garden the other Saturday; Linde tidying up his yard the same day. You can always tell the deep-dyed gardeners; they're the first ones out as soon as the temperature gets just above freezing.

One of the girls had a slumber party the other p.m. We've been picking bobby pins out of the carpeting ever since. And the way girls use the bath room. I shudder to get my water bill!

We found out the girls(?) in the block have gotten into the habit of having a rotation kaffee klatch (I'm not too sure on this spelling) every so often. Hold your hats, boys, I'll bet the fur really flies -- and did you know what happened to so-and-so; and wasn't that a horrible hat so-and-so wore to church? And ?????

After having edited the first part of this sheet a couple of weeks ago I find that the neighborhood runs true to form so far as publicity is concerned. In addition to Bell Kessler's picture we found that CAPT. Bob Dunphy had his picture in the Telegraph-Herald the other week presenting "Boston Pops" Fiedler with his fireman's badge. Our Carole had her picture in for the senior class play. The twins were mentioned in Harlan Miller's OVER THE COFFEE on Feb. 22nd, and the Mayor appeared in the same column on Feb. 28th. If any other one block of a dozen families in this man's town gets more publicity than outs we're anxious to hear from them.

We are hereby appointing Mrs. George Kutch as correspondent for the west block of Sunnyview Drive. We'd enjoy having them join our happy group. Mrs. K.: keep notes on all newsworthy items and I'll call you well before I get in the mood to publish the next number.

Just in case you wonder how I write this scandal sheet, here's how -- I make a note whenever I see or hear something; then when I get good and ready I assemble all notes and type the paper from the notes. I don't write it out in longhand, ponder it for a week or two, and so on.. I don't have the time for all that preparation. After all I'm in the acoustical business, not the newspaper business. So if you find any errors in grammar, etc. don't get picky -- if there's any other promising literary talent in the neighborhood I suppose it will eventually reveal itself.

Whenever I write this paper I always feel like Mer does after a nice big Sunday dinner. She says it takes so long to cook and prepare it, and such a short time to consume it. When I proof-read this I always feel that it doesn't take long to read it in proportion to the time it takes to write it. I'll be glad when summer comes so we can all get outdoors and needle each other a little more.

Good night all.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

LATEST NEWS FLASH! The Muellers sold their home. Ex nite spot owner Eddie Lyons bought it. We're going to miss Runt and Ginny since they seem like old settlers even though they have only lived around these parts for a year and a half. Hope they'll come back to visit us often. And lots of luck!

The new house down on the corner of St. Ambrose has been purchased by Joe Koester who is a foreman at Dubuque Container. Shylock Glab knows him and vouches that he'll be a welcome addition to the most exclusive club in town -- the East Sunnyview gang.

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

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Hold your hats, Boys, here we go again!

The party we had for the Muellers gave us the thought for this bit of philosophy. We know that Pappy Pape and Runt Mueller had their differences about grading, etc. BUT -- who were the first ones to give Glabs the assist on taking care of the details of the party -- the Papes. The entire block turned out and, as usual, the party was a huge success. We all have our little likes and dislikes, our little temporary squabbles about kids quarrels, etc. but in the end we all pull together. We've found that the people who gossip the most usually get into the most trouble. We're all subject to the love of gossip -- it's just plain human nature. So long as the gossip stays at the amusing, non-catty stage it's swell. But the real test of solidarity is liking people in spite of their faults. We can all like the perfect guy -- but where has he been all these years? I haven't found one in 20 years and 400,000 miles of travel. They say a chain is only as strong as its weakest link and a year & a half of fun on Sunnyview Drive has pretty well convinced me that we have no weak links. Our favorite way of working this out is to sit down for a few minutes and think along these lines -- before judging a guy remember that he may have a reason -- maybe he had a bad day on the job, maybe he isn't up to par physically (such as hangovers), maybe he has a trouble we know nothing about, or maybe he feels just plain ornery (the best safety valve there is once in a while). Maybe he has one of twenty different reasons for not being up to par -- but who are we to judge! Let the Lord do that -- He's had more experience! As I see it tolerance is a greater gift than freedom. If we all try to see the other fellow's side of the picture we'll continue to function as smoothly as we have in the past.

The initiation party for the Lyons was a huge success -- and we have to say that Eddie and Roz are the perfect host and hostess. Grandma Glab grabbed all the poker dough-re-mi. So far as any newcomers are concerned the cost of an introductory party is cheap enough as an initiation fee into such a peerless neighborhood.

The Koester party a couple of weeks later was equally successful. And welcome to Mildred and Joe, too. They and the Lyons will both be great assets to the independent principality of East Sunnyview Drive.

And speaking of parties this gang isn't just ready for a party at the drop of a hat -- all you have to do is make a motion which in any way looks like you intend to drop the hat and they're all right on deck. Our shindigs are getting so good that Humpty Dunphy even gets a substitute at the engine house so he won't moss them!

Next party coming up -- the Glab's silver anniversary celebration. But we won't be able to report on this until the next issue. However, we're willing to bet it'll be a hummer.

Sidewalk superintendent activity coming up -- Lloyd Seaman will be

building next to Stupe Stewart; on the edge of our domain a fellow named Heitzman (from Dubuque Pack) will build on one of John Ludescher's lots.

We all felt badly at the death of Doris Dressen's sister-in-law, and Moe Marshall's sister. Sympathy cards were duly mailed them out of the block fund.

Ever since we changed the name of our fair street there seems to be a rash of street name changing. Eleanor St. was changed to Indian Ridge, and Rowan St. to Julien Dubuque Drive -- both definite improvements. Wait until the city gets a petition from the residents of some street about 40 blocks long! Incidentally, we note that some of you guys are still listed in the phone directory as living on Hazel St. The phone company should have checked this but apparently didn't. Why don't you call them and modernize your address? Or didn't you know that Hazel has been deceased for a year and a half?

We made a notation a long while back that John Ludescher would probably have to run a walk up to the store else the kids taking a short cut to the store would positively neutralize any idea he might have of keeping a lawn on that side of his house. However, since we made the note we've noticed his neighbor changed his driveway and automatically created a swell eight foot wide walk thus solving the situation perfectly. What's more we definitely guarantee that drive will make a perfect ski slide and sleigh riding hill for the kids in winter.

Now we also know whenever Susie Allendorf and Casey Renier have a little spat -- then Susie decides to walk to school with the twins.

It occurred to us that since we now have Eager Eddie L. in our gang we won't have to worry about a bartender or restaurateur to run the block picnic and Xmas party. Of course, if Eddie's as smart as I think he is he'll do the supervising and let the rest of us do the work. And don't forget the block picnic will be June 20th in Joe Brennan's back lawn. We're indulging in a bit of flattery now, but his has about twenty-five blades of grass more than mine.

The neighborhood is now getting power mower conscious -- but the girls are having a helluva time starting those motors. However, the motions you have to go through, girls, are positively guaranteed to cut down your waistline.

Whenever I watch the Friday night fights I always marvel that all the athletes with five figure incomes still use a good old safety razor -- any damned fool knows they probably all use electric shavers. How foolish do the sponsors of the show think we really are? Dopey Dressen is the only one we know of who might possibly fall for that line.

If the Muellers still want to keep receiving THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT they can do so for a year by mailing me six thin dimes, which should cover the cost of printing and postage.

What with our Pony Express (the twins) delivering notes every so often

we get a pretty graphic picture of what's going on in the block. And don't think those two aren't developing a nose for news! Here's what was cooking one fine evening about 6 p.m.

Bad Boy Brennan -- mashing potatoes -- and with his galoshes on, no less!

Pappy Pape -- kitchen police -- washing dishes.

Moe Marshall -- smooched the twins -- keep an eye on your wives, you guys down in that territory.

Moose Renier -- hauling the groceries into the house -- after which he was going to start on the washing.

Stupe Stewart -- trying to fix his typewriter -- it probably wrote in Chinese by the time he got through with it.

What it all adds up to is -- are we men or mice? And Humpty Dunphy probably bakes marble cakes on his days off.

Which reminds us -- going through the strap book we kept back in the days when we were quite the thespian (we use the editorial we out of sheer modesty) we ran on to a Columbia Academy program dated April 15, 1932. The play was CLARENCE and the program advises us that Robert Dunphy played the role of Della, a charming female character in the play. Could that be that great big hunk of male named CAPT. Robert Dunphy? While our memory has dimmed after all these years we just know he must have been simply adorable!

The block still continues to get its full share of publicity. Marie Williams had a very handsome picture in the Dubuque Pack house publication. A record of having missed only five days of work in ten years of employment. Congrats, Marie! We further note in the write-up that Marie's hobbies are stamp collecting and roller skating. We're absolutely itching to see Marie wheel down the walk one of these days on a pair of skates.

The surprise farewell party on the Muellers was, we think, very much of a surprise to them. What a hububb! And Dopey Dressen walking away from the poker table with most of the folding money. We all owe a vote of thanks to Grandma Glab and Marge Pape for arranging the party so well. It was planned so well there was even a half bottle of booze left over. And the delicious ham Strief furnished --mmm! Wonder if Doris Dressen and Rosie Renier had headaches next morning?

The second television antenna casualty in the block -- Renier's. The other week it just simply got tired and decided to droop -- like a wilted flower. How long will it take you guys to figure out that you just can't plant the Eiffel Tower on a frame roof?

Our little Vincie finally got a shiny new boat. Just about the time we were going to plant flowers in it he decided to move it somewhere near the water. We have it on good authority that, like a kid with a new bike, he used to go out first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night to caress it with his eyes and drool over all the fun he'll have with it. One distinct advantage in the Fox having a boat -- in case he should fall in the drink and can't swim he won't have to worry; with all the extra avoirdupois (weight, or blubber, to you) he'll float with the greatest of ease.

A tip to all of you. Dressens and Brennans planted some strawberries. So in case your mouth waters for strawberries and cream some fine morning you'll know where to go hunting.

When the Muellers moved the neighborhood lost two boys (and this block is sure short on them). But then the Koester's moved in and added two so it looks like we're even seven for the moment. We should gain a little bit if you guys would stay home nights and forget about the poker parties, etc.

A big bouquet of roses to Johnnie Ludescher on the progress he's making in his yard. And to Linda for planting the hedge on Avoca St. & otherwise beautifying his back yard. Shows what you can do when everybody has pride in his home and yard. If you want to see a contrast ride by a certain home on lower Rosedale and see what happens when you don't take any pride in your castle.

Incidentally Bob Dunphy was responsible for having the hole in the street -- Avoca-Sunnyview Corner -- repaired. Thanks, Bob. And for that Johnnie Ludescher owes you a big strawberry popsicle.

Our Carole won a scholarship to Clarke as well as the Americal Legion medal for being the most outstanding student in her graduating class. This medal is awarded by vote of the faculty. In case you guys want to brush up on anything just call on her.

We called Mrs. Kutsch up on West Sunnyview the other day to see if she had any news to report from that sector. She said not. Doesn't anything ever happen up there Mrs. K.? Don't people have babies, parties, fights; doesn't a man ever bite a dog, or a cat have kittens?

The Sunnyview luck still holds! Humpty Dunphy, that lucky boy, won the TV set at St. Anthony's the other Sunday evening. We haven't quite decided what he ought to do to show his gratitude to the Mayor, who spun the barrel in such a fashion that Bob's number was very handy to pick out. Maybe Humpty ought to furnish some extra liquid refreshment for the block picnic.

Totting up the progress of the block the other day prompted the following observations.

Trimmet lawn -- Slug Strief's -- all that clover really makes it an emerald carpet.
Best tulips -- tie between Strief's and Marshall's.
Best new sod -- tie between Kessler and Koester.
Best dandelion crop -- triple tie between Lyons, Renier and Brennan.
Best rock garden arrangement -- Marshall.

We've been dropping behind on the wedding anniversaries of the new families in the block. So if we miss any congratulatory remarks, we humbly apologize. We intend to bring the list up to date at the picnic.

Bressen, dot dope, has let somebody talkhim into a new weed killer. But, it's liquid so now he can't put it on until he gets hold of a spray -- after that, of course, he'll have to get somebody to spray it on. Then he'll be all set for the summer (I mean winter). This new killer is a killer. Vincie assures me it will kill anything -- crab grass, dandelions, athlete's foot, ringworm and the D.T.s. We're going to watch with interest, Fox -- but for Pete's sake don't

spray any on yourself by mistake. The block fund can only spare one spray of flowers annually.

When we're doing business in town we run into dozens of business acquaintances during our normal routine -- many of them naturally being in the business field go out of their way to check up on new construction, new neighborhoods, etc. We're proud to say we've received many compliments on the immaculate appearance of our block -- and coming from people who know the difference between — and shinola they mean something. Let's keep it up!

We're starting to slice this baloney pretty thin, so it's time to knock off for this issue. Thanks for listening.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by The Mayor of Sunnyview Drive
Circulation Managers -- Kim & Kay Kintzle

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Still doing business at the old stand; the paper a bit late this time, but since the Editor has been working out of town he hasn't had time until Labor Day to write it up. You'll note that with this issue we're changing our typography a bit to save paper and mimeograph stencils. We're convinced it's unnecessary to lose about three bucks on each issue of this rag. But don't worry -- you're not being cheated; this contains the same amount of news as the old five-page issues.

The Glab silver wedding anniversary party was a howling success. We have reached the ultimate in block harmony when one of the neighbors thinks so much of our set-up that they invite the whole damned gang to participate in what usually would be essentially a family celebration. And of course the Glab family group is a perfect example of family harmony...we think Nellie lost some of those silver dollars at the poker table...With the Glab musicians and Eager Eddie's vocal renditions we didn't even have to go outside the block for entertainment...We never saw Nellie look so radiant -- or Shylock so eager!...Thanks for a wonderful time, Grandma & Grandpa!...And that's our editorial for this time; actions speak louder than words...And And apropos our pride in having the most beautifully kept block in the City we got a charge out of Fr. Reilly's Labor Day sermon yesterday in which he stressed the importance of labor in making this a beautiful world in which to live; and then he took the words right out of our mouth by saying that when everyone keeps up his home and his lawn the result is a beautiful neighborhood -- and we have certainly achieved it in record time.

We lift the following verbatim from Sidney J. Harris' column in the Des Moines Register; "What good is it to build a house with a huge picture window if it faces another house with a huge picture window staring right back at it? Provision for scene without provision for space is simply an architectural fraud." Nice going, Sidney; we've been saying that for years...And heartiest congratulations from the Sunnyview Sentinels to Monsignor George Stemm on his elevation to the Monsignori; because of the nature of our business, etc. we have a wide acquaintance among the clergy and know of no one more deserving of the honor...Uncle Vincie finally got that gutter painted; and for those of you who don't know it you can paint galvanized metal -- new or old -- anytime if you first wash it with vinegar. Contractors have known that for twenty years...And incidentally the Fox has finally given up some of his modesty to the extent of stripping to the waist when working in the yard; only we do think he ought to borrow one of Doris' girdles...and Dopey had better not try to use that toy picnic bench he bought for Janie, else he'll have plenty of firewood for the barbecue...And this is a little tale my spy system brought in the other month; it concerns two amateur boatmen, Dopey Dressen and Bad Boy Brennan; seems Vincie keeps his boat at Frenress Lake and the two boys decided to do a little fishing; they got into the boat, started the motor, boat didn't take off -- guess what; they forgot to untie it! How dopey can you get?

Our idea of the utterly cautious person, who who lacks all faith in material things, is the guy who wears both suspenders and a belt...Our pet peeve number one is the return address envelopes you get that are so small you have to use a shoe horn to get a check or a statement into them; our pet peeve number two is the guy who, when you give him the horn to pass, honks back at you...Incidentally, if you have any pet peeves let's have them for publication in future issues...And, as usual, Sunnyview Drive continues to get plenty of publicity; we were well represented in the Dance Exhibition at Senior High on June 12th -- Janie Dressen, Bobbie and Mary Brennan, Diane Kintzle, Kim & Kay Kintzle valiantly upheld the fame of the block...our Diane had her picture in the Telegraph the other Sunday as a participant in St. Anthony's teen-age group...and last but not least we find that we have a business & industrial leader in our midst; the write-up and picture of Shylock Glab in the Telegraph the other week made us swell up with pride for Sunnyview Drive; and a right handsome picture it was too, Frank...oh, we almost forgot, there was also a picture of Sunnyview Drive in the paper the other week taken from Bunker Hill; however, the house with the unfinished roof didn't show, damn it...and for those of you who might not know, you can secure an 8x10 glossy print of any picture in the Telegraph by going down there and handing them one buck...Our friend, Allen Sigman, rode by the house the other day, stopped to visit for a few minutes, and then remarked that he thought we had just about the most attractive block in the City of Dubuque; it's those unsolicited compliments that we like best.

Sympathy cards were sent out of the block fund to Mrs. Strief and to Maurie Renier upon the deaths of their relatives; our condolences...Rosie Renier tastefully bought two autographed ashtrays as a moving-away gift from the block to the Stewarts ...we're going to miss them all, especially saucy Susie, and hope they'll come back and see us once in a while...The Muellers came back for a visit, and to display their new offspring, the other month; it's a relief to know the baby looks like its father ...If there's anything cuter than looking at your children when they're asleep and all curls up let us know...our two new neighbors-to-be, Cletus Heitzman and Lloyd Seaman are both making rapid strides on their new homes; and they're both going to be very attractive...it's a good thing they're not around when the block inspection team goes into action; the last time we had an inspection tour even the women joined in!...it was really something to behold...I don't think the neighborhood was ever so quiet as during the middle of August with Brennans, Stewarts and Dunphys all on vacation...like the guy says to his wife in a cartoon I saw the other year: "For heaven's sake call up your mother and tell her to bring the kids back. I can't stand this damned quiet!"...and Casey Renier was a pretty lonely girl the other Saturday with the twins and the Brennan girls and Janie all gone - she didn't have anyone to play with...just roamed aimlessly from yard to yard...our Diane recently made her first venture away from home; she and her cousin journeyed to their Mason City aunt's for a four-day excursion; they wanted to fly but compromised on the bus ...The Brennans say they had a wonderful vacation; Devil's Lake, Chicago, Milwaukee ...perfect example of neighborhood cooperation -- Uncle Vincie cutting Bad Boy Brennan's lawn when the latter was on vacation; didn't think the dope had it in him; Dopey always looks best sitting in a lawn chair making with oral supervision...new things added to the neighborhood; Shylock Glab changed a Chevie for a new Ford, Dopey Dressen changed a Dodge for a new Buick (he's got it made!), the Lyons' rock garden, Strief's new awnings, Brennan's and Dressen's new planters (with Vince doing most of the superintending and Joe doing most of the work, as usual).

Some of you guys may say: "Kintzle gets the chance to rib us because he writes the paper, but we don't have any chance for a come-back". A year ago I mentioned

that I'd be glad to print any ribbing by anyone else -- such as Renier asking me when I'm going to put the roof on my house, and Dopey Dressen asking me when I'm going to paint it. I'll be glad to print any ribs directed at the Mayor if they're turned into me in writing -- this will save me time when I write this sheet...Our paper now goes to my kid brother in Great Falls, Mont. and my aunt in Los Angeles, Calif....And speaking of vacations we hear the Glabs had a great time in Colorado; did you make any loans out there, Shylock, or did you forget about the lettuce for one whole week?...We suppose you all noticed the way we took care of Brennan's driveway, when they were gone; and the nice new garden we planted in Glab's driveway...Anniversary congratulations to the Mayor and Mayoress, Sept. 7 (19 years); the Glabs (haven't got the date); Moe and Doe Marshall, Oct. 9th; Pappy and Panther Woman Pape, Oct. 24th; Eager Eddie and Roz Lyons, Oct. 30th...we didn't seem to have everybody's wedding date so if we missed anybody it's unintentional...we need Glabs, Dunphys and Koesters dates; why don't you send them up by one of the kids? ...to watch Vincie and Joey build those new planters is something they ought to charge admission for!

We hereby welcome Miss Vera Waite to the block. As you all probably know she bought Stewart's house and from what we hear she'll make a welcome neighbor. We haven't had a chance to make an official call yet and so haven't got much dirt to pass on to you -- we know nothing about her looks, her love life, drinking habits, et cetera; but we do know she teaches (Senior High?). At any rate, Vera, welcome to the screwiest neighborhood in town!

In spite of a rainy morning our block picnic was a great success, even though there were a couple of last minute cancellations. The kids had fun, the old stiffs had fun, we baptized Bad Boy Brennan with a bottle of Potosi, the ham was wonderful -- so what more could you want? As you know from the note passed around some weeks back a decision was made by those at the picnic that each family pay 50¢ per month into the block fund towards the picnic and the Xmas party...Seems a few families disagreed on this and Moose Renier has come up with the idea of counting two children as one adult on all future assessments...I tossed it back in his lap and don't know how far he has gotten, but those of you who disagreed should contact him and see what you can work out...And how many of those who did agree are currently paid up to Rosie Renier? Guess you all know that Rosie is the new treasurer of the block fund until the next picnic...So give her a break and turn in your dues the first chance you get so we'll be current at Xmas time...The decision was made to have the Xmas party on Saturday, Dec. 18th; it will be held at Kintzle's, with Shylock Glab assisting the host...we'll probably publish another number of the paper before that time but mark the date on your calendar now...the block picnic will be held the Sunday before Father's Day; we haven't checked the date yet but will have plenty of time to print that later...Renier and Pape will have charge of the picnic ...the block isn't doing much to perpetuate itself; no pregnancies since the Muellers moved away -- let's go, boys! ...notice how the Mayor had the Sunnyview-AvoCa corner repaired last week?

It's hot today, but I'm still running out of hot air so I guess it's time to put this issue to bed.

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive

Circulation Managers - Kim & Kay Kintzle

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Hold your hats, here we are again! Probably a bit soon after Number 1 but we're trying to make up for past laxity and get the rag out on a regular time basis...hereafter we're going to try as nearly as possible to get this sheet out on, or close to, Jan. 15th, April 15th, Aug. 1st & Nov. 1st...when it comes to the point where we can't fill twelve pages per annum with news, gossip & libel then the neighborhood's slipping.

February over at this writing (I'm now writing this in spells every couple of weeks, so as not to have to write the entire thing all at one sitting) and so spring just around the corner...means we'll all be out getting a little fresh air and exercise after hibernating all winter...ever notice how lazy we're all getting; how people living only a block or two from church will take the car; how kids can't walk to school any more it it's more than four blocks...as one letter to the DES MOINES REGISTER editor pointed out a year or two ago --- "we spend \$50,000 on buses to haul the kids to school, then we turn around and spend another \$50,000 for a new gym so they'll get enough exercise to keep physically fit"...we in Senior High the other month and see a buster of a boy at least sixteen years old making a tooled leather belt in the Arts & Crafts class...I always thought this was play work...you buy a kit at Rosheks and do it for recreation...also always thought playing soft ball on the school field was classed as recreation, now you get credit for it during school hours so you can have time to watch TV or read comic books after school...as one prof pointed out in a newspaper item a while back, there's a great shortage of scientists, technicians, etc. simply because students sail for the snap courses just to get that diploma...are we all getting soft physically & mentally (Dopey Dressen proof of the latter)?

Seem to be getting a little (but little) common sense in our middle age and so can't help printing the following for your edification...a journalist friend of our lifted it from another writer, so we feel somewhat justified in lifting it from him in turn...

NEWS BULLETIN

At 10:30 p.m. this evening William Gresham of 4718 Stevens Av. crashed into a viaduct at Franklin & Cedar. He is survived by his wife and three children.

POST MORTEM

Steering Wheel: He gripped me as a floundering man grips a life raft -- we hit -- I went into his stomach.

The Street: I was icy -- he should have known.

The Viaduct: He wasn't the first to hit me, nor will he be the last.

The Headlights: I showed him the cement supports -- I don't think he could see.

The Accelerator: He kept pushing me down.

The Brakes: I tried -- it was too icy -- no traction.

The Policeman: Dead drunk -- bottle in the glove compartment.

His Wife: He drank, but deep down he was a good man.

The Doctor: Fractured skull -- two broken ribs -- D.O.A.

The Bottle: He took too much from me.

His Brother: I could see it coming. You can't drink & drive.

His Children: It's Christmas eve -- where's Daddy?

His Guardian Angel: There was always the spark of goodness, but never the flame of charity.

Death: He was easy prey -- I took him quick.

Life: He could have had me, but he took the drink instead.

GOD: I gave him life and he disregarded its responsibilities; I gave him an intellect, and he didn't use it; I gave him a free will and he abused it; I gave him a place in heaven, and he covered it with cobwebs; My Son died for him, and he forgot.

The Crucifix on His Casket: I was a symbol -- hidden by his own lust.

His Tombstone: WILLIAM GRESHAM -- 1915-1954.

William Gresham: It's hot down here!

Feb. 12th -- Mammy & Pappy Pape received their diploma in square dancing...want to borrow my cowboy boots and ranch tie, Pappy?...Lynn Pape in the hospital to have some baby teeth removed; received a child's record out of the block fund, which, it seems, is what she wanted...still something over \$12.00 in the fund...Bill Kessler, only eligible bachelor in the block, enlisted in the service the other week--Good Luck, Bill!, and hope your folks will keep the paper advised as to your travels...our publicity continues to function with Glennie Kessler's picture appearing on the society page...our spies tell us that the newest family in the block will probably also be the first ones to put a nick in the block fund this year -- they're storking -- time, July -- better start drinking Ovaltine, Lloyd!...our four daughters in the style show at St. Anthony's -- father left his coat unbuttoned so none would pop off; Roshek's buyer wanted to know if it was going to be a Kintzle style show...life continues to be interesting; something new popped up the other week; an adjacent neighbor didn't care to buy the paper -- apparently the C.H. family doesn't care to know their neighbors better -- s'too bad!...at this point we may as well say that we aren't in the least offended if anyone doesn't buy the sheet and keep up with events in the neighborhood (of course you can always borrow your neighbor's copy) -- after all it's just a hobby with us and we go in the hole two bucks every issue...we'd be in still deeper but a couple of subscribers are overly generous to the carriers; we know they wouldn't want their names mentioned...

Eddie Lyons b-----ng that all the phone calls are for Roz -- says he might as well have the phone taken out for all the calls he ever gets -- why don't you girls get on the phone and give his battery a quick-charge once in a while? Then too, Eddie, you might offer a free shot & a beer to everybody who calls you/ but with this gang you'd better put in an extra phone first...Two more added to the block with the advent of the Seamans; if our count is correct this makes a total of six boys and twenty girls ...we could add Vera & Gladys since they're unattached but maybe that would be carrying things a bit too far...note that we have another new neighbor adjoining the block -- in a trailer in Mootz's yard; Lucy & Ricky?, or Mootz's son?...John Ludescher sold his other lot; saw a number of inspectors sizing things up the other day, so guess we can look for some activity from that quarter come spring...with all the distinctive homes we have in the neighborhood this one could conceivably resemble an igloo, or a tepee...another official title comes to the block; Pappy Pape an usher at 8:30 mass -- what doesn't that guy do?; square dancer, housekeeper, gardner, mechanic, usher, expert roller skater, block major for Holy Name Society, et cetera, et cetera...For Sale! one electric floor polisher -- it's yours for \$5.00 if you're mechanically inclined and want to make a new belt for it; see the Mayor ...the Sunnyview Sentinels right on the beam at the breakfast for St. Anthony's Boy Scouts; Pappy Pape, Bad Boy Brennan, Moe Marshall all pitching in like mad -- and that Pape can sureee wash dishes.

March now here...the Dressens, Papes, Brennans & Reniers get frisky and go roller skating one night; no casualties reported... of course if Fox Dressen took a pratt fall he'd have plenty to cushion it; rummor has it that Pape is in the professional skating class...won't be long & it'll be block picnic time...March 1st; Monsignor Stemm back from Florida with a beautiful tan & renewed zip -- accompanied by a new member of the menage; a little white French poodle; name, Mimi from Miami -- will be allowed to frolic only with clerically-owned canines?...wedding anniversary felicitations to the Glabs - May (?), and the Kesslers - June 20 ...Man is a creature of habits, and mostly bad ones at that... pet peeve -- people who always seem to know what should be done, just how it ought to be done, and can tell you just what was wrong after it's all over; yet never contribute anything to it, either financially or in the way of time or effort...signs of spring -- Brennan's basement all painted up, Moe Marshall consulting our garden book on how to prune grapes (big wine party coming up next winter?), Dressen washing his car outdoors, the kids jumping rope and roaming the neighborhood, Pape playing ball with the two small boys in the block, a guy playing golf up on Bunker Hill -- and then came the big snow of March 21st...we're always crazy about the first few months of the year -- here's what happens; Jan. 1st, Xmas bills pile in; Feb. 1st, Carole's college tuition due, Diane's high school tuition due; Mar. 15th, state income tax due; April 1st, property taxes due; April 15th, Federal income tax due, estimated quarterly tax due -- which leaves us with just about enough to buy a pack of coffin nails...to whom it may concern:

"Dames with bulging these and those
Shouldn't wear tight-fitting clothes."

More spotlights on our twins, Kim & Kay -- their dance number was featured at the Elk's dinner-dance on Valentine nite; on the heels of that they're quoted in Harlan Miller's OVER THE COFFEE in the D. M. R. in regard to our editorial on opening your house to the kids' friends...another plug from Harlan M. on our block parties in another issue...half the beauty of a diamond is in its setting; half the charm of a home is in its yard & landscaping -- now's the time for an annual inspection to see how it can be improved...that certain yard down on lower Rosedale now messier than ever--we wonder how even the weeds can stand it -- will soon be eligible for a prize as the most slatternly yard in the city, no holds barred...our big boys Dressen & Renier flying kits the other day; how about a nice game of jacks one of these first days? ...all Fat Dressen needs is a nice big hammock to loll in; we can conjure the picture in our mind's eye very clearly...thought the other day it might be fun to have a neighborhood lottery once in a while just for the nuts of it; what do you guys think of the idea.

And here's the shocker for this issue -- your estimated assessments for curb & gutter, and paving on Avoca St.

	<u>Curb & Gutter</u>	<u>Paving</u>
Kintzle	\$400.23	\$500.38
Brennan	135.85	188.26
Dressen	53.99	74.82
Pape	24.54	34.01
Lyons	9.55	13.23
Seaman	135.26	187.43
Waite	53.63	74.31
Renier	22.32	31.62
Williams	11.04	15.30
Ludescher	239.33	304.52
Heitzman	186.11	230.79

The law says that this estimate can be up to 10% higher without your being able to squawk, but chances are it'll be just about as figured...so there goes the Mayor's vacation, Brennan's driveway, Seaman's shrubbery, Dressen's 1955 supply of hooch and Vera Waite's new mink coat...incidentally, the street grade will not be appreciably changed, and there won't be any change in the level of Sunnyview at the east end.

We made it on time with this issue and hope we can stick to the schedule mentioned on page 1. Until next issue keep your noses wiped, and don't believe a thing "They" say -- "They" are those people who are always hearing things, saying things, doing things in the papers, on television, etc., but who have no name. Haven't figured out yet who the They is in this neighborhood! That's all!

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

LATE BULLETIN!!! Our annual block picnic will be held on Sunday, June 26th in Renier's yard...Pape & Renier in charge and will circulate the details later when they have completed their plans (rumor says a caviar & champagne dinner at ten bucks per couple)!

M. O. S. D.

So much news turned up between the time that we turned in the paper for mimeographing and the time that it will be completed that we decided to print a bonus sheet -- never let it be said that the SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT DOESN'T know the news a minute before it happens!...reminders on where to secure garden tools, or anything else for the house -- why buy it when you can borrow it? spreader & mole trap, Kintzle; wheelbarrow & lawn roller, Renier; weed spray tank, Dressen; any type of rake, shovel or other unusual garden tool, Pape; mortgages, Glab...guy by the name of Riusetto (?) building the house between Ludescher & Heitzman; works for one of the chemical companies; if I'm guessing right he must have a flock of keeds since there's a carfull of them parked there most every day's end; maybe some boys?...the twins 12th birthday party the first big social event of the year in the block -- twenty kids raising hell all at one time; no wonder teachers go nuttts...Jimmy Ludescher the only boy, but not caring...another wheel in the block -- we discovered that Vera Waite is the president of the local chapter of the Delta Kappa Gamma sorority, which is an international women educators honorary society; you're tops with us, Vera!...a big bokay to the girls (?) of the block -- the Sunnyview Sentinell-ettes (St. Bernadette's Circle) for their attendance at corporate communion; from our box seat in church we spotted Millie, Dolores, Marge, Rosie, Doris, Lex, Mer, plus Vera & Kay; when doesn't Sunnyview Drive do it better than anybody or anyplace else (some grammar, huh?)...some women don't seem to like appearing in a body but we think like so -- they spend a big hunk of their time & our money trying to make themselves irresistible & Distinctive, yet demur at doing anything which might draw a bit of extra attention to their charms -- does that make sense?...one advantage of that big prayer book of mine, I can keep track of all that without anyone being the wiser...our twins pulled the time-honored chestnut on April Fools Day; Exchanged seats in school & answered for each other all day without being detected; all the kids in the class in on the joke, of course; wonder if they'll be able to get by with it on dates...typical summer week-end morning on Sunnyview; starting at 9 a.m. Dressen in Pape's yard, then Pape in Dressen's yard, Brennan joins them, they split, then Dressen moves down to Brennan's yard, Brennan & Dressen then over to Kintzle's, Vera stops at the Mayor's to say hello & discuss tree planting, Roz Lyons into Marge Pape's, Rosie Renier all over hell, then Dressen over to Seaman's, then Moe Marshall to Seaman's, thence to inspect Riusetto excavation, then stops off at Kintzle's, Kintzle over to Dressen's for inspection, then the Lyons & the Glabs going back & forth many times a day -- don't know if it's the same at the west end because we can't see down there.

SCOOP OF THE YEAR -- the D's have been playing house for keeps; they'll be playing with a live dolly come November, with Mr. D on the diaper detail; didn't know he had it in him, or did they change meter readers?...Ha, haha, ha!

And if you think it's worth it you could give the carriers an extra jitney to help make up the deficit for this colossal, up-to-the-minute issue.

THE MAYOR

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Here we are just a month behind our self-imposed schedule; some of you guys have been asking me when the next issue of the paper was coming out so it seems as if there's some demand for my pseudo-literary drooling. But what with the heat, business detail, etc. we just never got around to it until last Sunday morning-- a few of the quietest hours in the week.

Due to the heat we editorialize briefly in this issue...so many times when we ask our children to do something around the house we find that they're busy with some school activity...we know that many homes don't provide for the kids' activities but on the other hand the school should be supplementary to the home...we feel that our daughters will learn just about as much from doing some housework as they will from attending too many socials, mixers, etc....we guess the blame is equally divided between parents and teachers... if the parents fulfilled their obligations, made their kids' friends welcome, and spent some time training them socially, the kids would be well-mannered and satisfied--thus relieving the teachers of much of the work they shouldn't have to be doing in the first place. On the other hand the teachers feel that they must provide recreation for the kids or they'll go to the dogs for sure..on the other hand the teachers can't look into each individual home to see what the parent-children relationship is..something to think about!.... but I'll give you a hint...a nun once told me they didn't have to go into the home to see what kind of home the child came from: they could tell from the child's manners and disposition.

The way Brennan takes care of that car we shudder to think what would happen if he got a Cadillac; guess he'd have to quit his job and spend 8 hours a day polishing and tinkering..hereafter Seaman will be known as Sonny Boy Seaman..in checking the block list it suddenly dawned on us that we have the largest family in the block; Renier, Koester & Seaman in a tie for second place; poor old Fox Dressen is trying hard but it's taking him years--and more years.. they tell us now on TV that when you feel listless it's because you have "tired blood"--guess that must mean the blood courses through your veins at only 20 miles per hour instead of 40 miles per hour (or whatever it is)...on several occasions while Riasetto was excavating we caught Sonny Boy Seaman giving that big pile of dirt a pathetically longing glance..but Lloyd finally made it and now has a nice lawn; ah, the joys of owning your own home!....the Riasettos got into their new domicile in short order; swell neighbors and we greet them heartily..s'too bad they're not in the block but we do have to limit our membership in the most exclusive club in town; have enough needling & arguments just among ourselves-- and we're selfish and want to keep it all to ourselves..definition of repartee "What I'd say if I got another chance."...Marvin Strief stops for a few words, points, and says, "What kind of tree is that, Curly, that one with the pussywillows on it?"...after reading a few squibs about Arthur Godfrey (who, incidentally, we can't stomach) and his firing manias we've come to the conclusion that there must be two infallible people in the universe, the other one being God...since Lex Brennan took to driving the car I've increased the insurance on the west half of our house...Sunday, April 17 Seamans have beeg first communion shindig; too bad it rained all day, but guess that's life..Roz Lyons headed the list on tulips; hers the first in bloom, the largest, and lasted the longest--but Marge Pape always manages to have the first spring flowers in bloom....there are more flowers in our block than in any other I've ever noticed in my ramblings around the town..of course it's

no wonder we have such beautiful lawns, shrubbery & flowers; with the amount of bull that circulates in our yards during the summer months we certainly don't need to invest in any fertilizer..and Rosie Renier politely informed me that she had the first roses in bloom this year; only as Jimmy Hatlo would say, who takes care of them--why, Pa, of course!....our daughter, Carole, writes a term paper on juvenile delinquency which slays us..much activity in the west block; Herbst putting up his superstructure, and two more new ones going up; also a new one on St. Ambrose St. and Bob Beitzel putting his superstructure up on the same street..work on Avoca St. to be started very shortly (or probably will have been by the time you receive the printed copy of this rag); one of these days we'll get settle around here....Johnny Mootz & Pete Finger now subscribers to our sheet.

Everybody on the move these days; the Lyons took a jaunt to Chicago early in the summer, they hardly back when Dressens & Brennans take off for Milwaukee one Saturday to see the Ice Follies (but why go so far when we have a perpetual follies right here in the block?), that same week-end Vera Waite off to Newton for a sorority convention, and the Dunphys in LaCrosse....very quiet neighborhood a few weeks back--Brennans at a cottage in Wisconsin, Dressens also at a cottage (it was great to have old Dokey off our backs for a week), Dunphys & Marshalls on vacation together..the Glabs off to the Dells for a few days the other week..we stay home & stay cool...after the block sees an adjacent neighbor in those blue shorts and red socks Bad Boy Brennan says he'll never again comment on my sizzling summer shorts outfits..lowest deal since we were told we were depriving our children of education if we didn't have TV was a recent Royal typewriter ad admonishing us that our kids won't get good grades unless their themes are typewritten...just how low can you get in an effort to sell merchandise?...and that reminds us that we're getting damed sick & tired of those inside dope stories by retired army & navy officers; do they join nowadays to serve their country--or to retire & collect?...the epitome of neighborliness--Moose Renier watering Vera Waite's lawn for her..and Vera says no career woman should own a home; yard work takes up so much time she'll have to quit her job..cutest observation of the week--we look out the window & see six girls playing together in one yard.

Our congratulations to the Seamans on their new daughter--named Sandra; BUT, another girl in the block! is there something the matter with us guys?; or maybe Dressen will make up for it..incidentally, we caught Vincie reinforcing his clothesline poles with concrete presumably to support the weight of the diapers..and our delayed best wishes to Marie Williams who was injured at work (now apparently fully recovered)....we missed Marie passing by the house every day on her way to work....a sight to behold when Brennan & Dressen decide to do a little cement work on Brennans new planter; why the hell pay money to go to a movie...that was an Academy Award winner itself...the Brennan's new shrubbery adding another note of beauty to the block landscaping..which leads us to add that Rosie Renier may have had the first roses but Nancy Strief certainly has the most beautiful...you can't win! we build beautiful homes and yards yet I noticed the other month that some of the kids prefer to play in the junk heap in the empty lot next to Seamans'..as always bumbler Dressen picks the windiest day of the year to spray his yard for weeds--and then tops it off by planting a tea rose in the belief that it's a climbing rose--so far it's climbed about 12 inches....here's the famous Red McAleece answering the phone at home, "This is the peanut factory; which nut do you want?"; not bad, Red!.....not so much publicity for the block lately; but our Diane did get her picture in the Telegraph-Herald in connection with an operetta she appeared in at St. Joe's Academy..it's about time for Dunphy to hit the papers again..Bill Kessler home on furlough once that we know of, then off to officers training school; good luck, Bill, and hope you'll be back with the folks for good one of these months..we inspect the Kesslers' rumpus room the other evening and it's a real beauty--lacking only the old thunderbug for extreme emergency use---or is that concealed in the furnace room?

Things we often wonder about: why do some old timers still wear sleeve garters?---why not buy a shirt with the right sleeve length? why is it when you buy two pounds of swiss cheese they always cut off $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., never $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs?

Rosie's term as custodian of the block fund being terminated, & the majority seemingly not in favor of continuing the project, the balance was turned over to me (ah, you trusting souls!)... during the past months the following were purchased out of the block fund: a card to Eddie Lyons, a baby gift to Elaine Seaman, a plant to Marie Williams..we have a balance of \$8.92 which will be thrown into the kitty at our Xmas party..it has gotten to be somewhat of a superstition for us to mention Monsignor Stemm in each issue; this time a new Ford station wagon purchased primarily to haul our kids around to ball games and the like; used to be Father Kuhn had to haul the overflow in the trunk of his car..while toiling away in the northern Wisconsin woods we missed Mer's birthday, Diane's birthday, our in-law's sixtieth wedding anniversary celebration, the block picnic, the twins' appearance in the dance exhibition...everything happens to us..we understand the Papes & Reniers did a wonderful job on the picnic and that it was a great success except for the Koester small fry being nicked with a horse-shoe, which is often the usual casualty of a picnic, or hoe-down... Glennie Kessler tells us the Xmas party will be taken care of by the Kesslers & the Marshalls with a dinner in the Marshall rumpus room; date & other details will be announced in the next issue by which time they will have worked out all the fine points..Kintzle sees all, knows all, and tells all, so if anybody or anything has been missed in this issue please excuse; it's because our spy system failed somewhere along the line.

This is about all the libel we could dig up--almost forgot; we didn't quite have time to finish this before going up to St. Anthony's parish festival (a great success)....after it was all over we decided that our block was certainly the most energetic in the parish; I believe every able-bodied male pitched in at some time or other, and all the ladies of the circle were on hand (Mer & Carole even down to scraping plates)....that's all..guess we'll drop into the hammock with a cold glass of lemonade, a book, and a cigarette and try to forget that we have to go to work in the morning, heat or no heat.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive
Circulation Managers--Kim & Kay Kintzle
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Being bound & determined to get back on schedule in publishing this scandal sheet, we are getting the first part out in September during a spare hour.

This issue, Mom and I congratulate ourselves on having, as of September 7th, lived a happy and amicable married life for 20 YEARS. If the next 20 are as good, we'll have no complaints--always enjoyed life & fun, travelled extensively, have our good health, four good looking & healthy girls, a comfortable home, a faith that God's still in His heaven, and that eventually everything will turn out right in this giddy world..had our family picture taken for the event & were properly amazed at how we had all changed since the last one seven years ago..the daughters getting better looking all the time, the frau keeping her looks, the old man getting a bit more weatherbeaten looking..visiting with some old friends over Labor Day week-end (who formerly lived in Dubuque & had their son at the time we got our first bundle from heaven) we reminisced over all the shenanigans when the four of us had ourselves a ball (and there were many of them); over the spats & squabbles we used to have..they admit they used to like to quarrel in order to experience the added sensation of making up again..and any couple who tells you they never argue are either damned liars or positively the dumbest people on the planet..we found that the growing small fry were the best antidote possible to the tendency to start an argument..so the debates get to be few & far between; and then usually over some piddly little thing that doesn't even warrant a wast of words. Result, we think family life is something special, and judging by the marriage & birth rate, it's here to stay!

Other anniversary congratulations in order for the Seamans, Aug.8; the Marshalls, Oct. 9th; Papes, Oct. 24th; the Lyons, Oct.30th..... nothing like marrying a bed warmer, but hot bricks are cheaper!... Eddie & Roz Lyons now in the bistro business again at the St. George Hotel, and we wish them all the success possible..the gang dropped in on them the other Saturday p.m. just to give them a proper send-off and present were the Brennans, Dressens, R. niers, Fischers, Marshalls, Kesslers & Frankie Glab..understand they locked the joint up & then adjourned to Kessler's rumpus room..sorry we missed it, since we were the ones to start it, but leave it to us to do something like that..we cook up the hoe-down then decide a day before that we should run over to Elgin to visit the old friends mentioned previously(took no vacation this year)...they in the bucks & own a stable of ten racing horses so we get a look-see behind the scenes at the race track...facts about horse racing you might be interested in--the run of the mill jockey can make himself an average of \$100 a day most of the year (he moves about the country with the seasons); top jocks can average \$1000 per day; how?--the jockey riding the winning horse gets 10% of the purse (if his horse no winner he gets a nominal fee of \$25); the trainer gets another 10%; the owner gets what's left after Uncle Sam and the track take their cut..the Saturday we at Washington Park track the big purse was 75 Gs!....but we think racing strictly for the guy with the cabbage..it once cost our friends over \$3000 to ship two horses by air from Miami to Chicago..only thing we don't like about races; you have to wait thirty minutes between races just to watch the nags run for less than two minutes--- and you generally lose money doing it!

There must be something wrong with the driving habits of most of our teenagers; we note that by far the largest percentage of police court cases are under 30 years of age--should be just the opposite since the youngsters should be much more alert and have quicker reflexes than we oldsters--we noted in the docket one day back that out of nine cases one was 47, one 27, and all the rest under 23 years of age..cars are much simpler to operate nowadays; don't we teach them right?...or don't we raise enough hell about their driving habits.. every home in the block displaying flowers except Koesters--tsk!tsk!

which reminds us we'll have some flower plants to give away next spring--yellow Rocky Mountain daisies, lilies, mountain snow, silver king, etc. Dopey Dressen & Moose Renier sporting butch haircuts this summer; now if we can get them into shorts they'll be right up to the year 1955... By the time you read this, Avoca St. will be a nicely paved de-luxe throughfare; it certainly kept all the block inspectors & kibitzers busy for a few weeks--good thing, too, since there are no new houses going up at this time--the change in grade resulted in a number of non-negotiable driveways, and we're now getting into a rash of activity remodeling yards & driveways which adjoin the street..gives Fox Dressen a golden opportunity to tell everybody just how it should be done.. but we did see him using a shovel when helping Seaman set his sidewalk forms; will wonders never cease?...anyhow, all to the good on the new street--progress knows no obstacles.

If I should ever build another home, I'll include a pressing room; with five females around the house, it seems as if the ironing board does 24 hour duty--thank the Lord for a large enough rear hall to take care of the clutter!...added improvements to the appearance of our block-----Dunphys & Kesslers now sporting new post lanterns at their front entrances; the Brennans painting the house; Pappy Pape painting all the trim on his house white; purty!..next comes his driveway--this is the workingest neighborhood in town..Moe Marshall's house building venture on Unga St. progressing apace; all inspectors please keep your traps shut..our spies tell us that our old neighbors, Cliff & Virginia Mueller are storking again...our block lucky in more ways than one; I for one have never met a pleasanter & more courteous mailman than our own George Bergman; rain or shine always the same smile & greeting..will have to petition the postmaster if they ever threaten to change his route..the block publicity continues; our twins on deck in the Sept. 7th issue of the T-H heralding the first day of school....Shylock Glab also gets his picture in the same issue, and on the front page (but unfortunately, the rear view only)..... two Sunnyview families in one issue must be some sort of record!

Oddest thing I've encountered in many moons; very rarely read the want ads, but it so happened I noticed these in the Personal Column on Sept. 7th:

"I'm through with the White Sox."
(Pee Wee Fath)

"Contrary to all rumors I want to announce I am no longer a Sox fan."
(Ducky Dawson)

I'd say two men of strong convictions if they're willing to pay to let the world know where they stand..Met Marcine Allendorf on Main drag the other day--it'll be wedding bells for her in November..everythings happening to all the old neighbors who moved away; Dressens giving us the only event to anticipate these days..Lee Pape's Dad passed away Sept. 11th; condolences from all & we thought the flowers selected by Rosie Renier were unusually beautiful.

Things We've Often Wondered About-----do they make toupees for bald negroes, as well as for whites?....Johnny Mootz bought two copies of the last issue of our paper; haven't found out why as yet..our Diane now heap big chieftess--was elected president of St. Anthony's teen-agers..our small fry (and teeners) now all back in school; and so much quiet in the block, and many sighs of relief from the Mamas... and did you ever notice how restless the kids get towards the end of vacation? guess you can get tired of playing, too...EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT---send your dry cleaning to GRAVES CLEANERS, 1449 Central--finest workmanship, excellent service (our Carole a part-time employee there) ..the Lindes sold their home to a Mr. Eddie Brown who works for the phone company..one of our best spies tells us the rumor is that Miss N.S. will march up the aisle some time in November; if true, she'll have the blessing & best wishes of the whole block..Maureen Renier's beau probably paraphrases MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE with "Oh, come with me, Maureen, on my merry motorcycle!!"...at least Ma & Pa Renier know when he comes & goes by the noise alone.

Stolen from a recent humor book: In the olden days people used to make their own clothes on spinning wheels--now they lose their shirts on them. Gambling is the one sure way of getting nothing for something...there was a time in this country when a young women had to ask her doctor is she could ever have children--now she has to ask her landlord.

DAFFYNITIONS: Hospital--a place you go to be born.
Minor Operation---one performed on somebody else.
Skeleton--a pile of bones with the people scraped off.

Seamans throw the whingding for the block the other week--the regular price of admission for entry into our neighborhood--wonderful time had by all, and the Seamans good hosts & neighbors--can't recall who won the poker stakes, but a record for attendance was set; every family in the block on hand but one, the Striefs being unavoidably absent..and the scoop on the block Xmas party is this--Glennie Kessler & Doe Marshall say it will be a dinner on SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11th--time 6:30 P.M.--place--the Marshall Rumpus Room--you will get the details later from these two girls, who are emceeing the deal this year; we know it'll be good so put this date on your calendar...Seaman now has sidewalks and Pape part of a driveway; give us another ten years & we should all have our major chores completed.. we often see the Fingers, father and son, out walking, making us think--there goes Big (ring) Finger, then later along comes Little Pete Finger..we still think Dopey Dressen missed his calling; with his voice & line he should have been a carnie barker--persuading people to come on over and drop a hoop on a wrist watch, or knock down those wooden milk bottles for a kewpie doll (his & Doris' own kewpie doll will be arriving any day now)...the Kintzles & the Brennans took in the football game at Loras Homecoming the other Saturday..some game! & the smorgasbord afterward at \$1 per head is strictly out of this world..good thing some of you big eaters aren't Loras alumni.

Contemplating some of the huge long sofas seen in the home magazines these days leads us to wonder they remove the picture window to get them in, or do they move them in before the house is built? the proof that you don't have heaven on earth is this--negroes buy tons of stuff every year to make their hari straight, we Caucasians think one of the greatest attributes of beauty is a fine head of curly hair & our ladies spend millions trying to make it so..the negroes hope to be as light complexioned as possible, we lay around in the sun all summer trying to get as black as possible..some women are born brunette so they spend a lot of time bleaching their hair blonde; some people get grey hair early in life so they spend time & money dyeing their tresses black (we understand a silver blonde is now in fashion)---the guys who are balding caution the barber to preserve their few locks; the guy with loads of hair comes in and orders a butch--we give up!...guess Peron of Argentina finally found out what it's all about after he tried to substitute for God!

After hunting a parking place downtown the other day we began to speculate on the possibilities of city living by the time our children are our age (the progress in the next 25 years will be five times as accelerated as during the past 25)...one thing for sure, the streets & walks will all be roofed over, the top of the roof to be helicopter parking space..all buildings, including homes, will have flat roofs for helicopter parking & storage (we're one up on you guys in this respect)...another sure thing, the weather (that is, heat & cold) will be controlled..not having read any predictions of things to come, we're not plagiarizing anyone..won't go into radiant heating under walks & streets since that's already an actuality..of course, all this stuff will happen if this planet is still orbiting instead of obituariying..by that time, they'll have controlled lawns for everybody; we spent all summer watering the lawn to keep it growing..now with a rainy fall, we're spending all our time cutting the lawn...tain't fair!

Guess that's about the extent of the scuttlebutt for this issue except that the Lyonses got a new jitney & Roz looks pretty sharp wheeling up the street in it..we leave you with the warning..it's time to cut off the dead shrubbery, cover the roses, fill up the oil tank, put winter grease in the car, get the overcoats out of mothballs, and hole up for the winter. Adios.

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It's about time we pop up with another issue of gab & gossip; our date for this issue is Jan. 15th, but due to the fact that the Mayor was away resting from a bad case of nerves makes this one a little late. But we're late so often we're getting used to it. Anyhow, here we are at the beginning of a new year & rarin' to go!

Like everything else in this world we note that the trend in housing these days is toward having a "family" room in addition to a living room. This means we're getting back to grandmother's day when every house had a "parlor" in addition to a sitting room. The sitting room was used for day-to-day living, the front parlor reserved for Sunday visitors, funerals, weddings or other extraordinarily important occurrences. We just saw a plan which provided for a fireplace in the family room but none in the living room -- then why not just call it the "company" room? Is the living room for family living becoming old-fashioned? If that's progress, and the living room must always look like a picture out of "House Beautiful" then let's eat ground glass & escape it all -- OR give me the old-fashioned way!, and let's use the living room for living!

Many times when we read wedding write-ups, obituaries, etc. we itch to write one as it should be written if the truth were told. Here's our version of how some of them ought to read;

"Miss Mamie Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seth Jones, became the bride yesterday of Mr. Joe Punk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Punk at the Crosscorners Baptist Church.

Mamie always was a spoiled brat and her folks are happy to be rid of her. Her mother will no longer have to wait on her hand and foot in an effort to make her look halfway decent so that she can successfully insert a ring in some guy's nose. Her old man won't have to shell out for fur coats and such in a fond hope that she'll snare some poor boob who wears pants.

The bride wore a gown of imported Chantilly lace -- an imitation purchased at Abie's Style Shoppe for \$39.95. She didn't look half bad considering her slightly buck teeth, mouse colored hair and somewhat lumpy figure. Joe looked pretty happy about the whole thing but he still hasn't found out about her nasty temper, or that she always leaves loose hair all over the place and never puts the cap back on the toothpaste.

Joe is a fair-to-middling guy with a fair-to-middling job and the personality of a water-soaked log. He is employed at Hap's Super-duper Market and is as happy as a sloth in its burrow (or wherever it is that a sloth lives). They will reside 320 Dinker St. and it's pretty easy to figure out who will rule that roost. They should be quite contented together, and when in any financial difficulties will put the bite on the old folks for a few bucks to tide them over."

I can't help but admit that I had an article on acoustical interiors for churches published in "CHURCH PROPERTY ADMINISTRATION" for September, 1955. This is a magazine which circulates nationally among the clergy, and is another laurel for our block.... Janie Koester made the Telegraph-Herald the end of October; included in a picture of the members of the Visitation orchestra -- and a very charming picture it was....we saw Mr. Dressen take Mrs. Brennan to church one Sunday morning -- such goings-on!....Doris Dressen had another girl on Oct. 23rd (the block predilection to girls still holds out)--a bit ahead of time but guess the kid couldn't wait to see what kind of neighborhood she was to be born into. Congratulations, Doris & Vince! The block fund

bought a blanket...Our Carole also made the Telegraph-Herald in a picture of the winning volleyball team at Clarke...and Lynn Pape's picture was in one Sunday; which is twice she's made the T-H in one year...Ma & Pa Kintzle were in the chaperone business pretty heavily the tail end of the year; chaperones for the Sophomore soiree at Clarke in November, and then chaperones for the St. Joseph's Academy Christmas formal in December--makes us feel a bit second-hand, and we note that the kids are probably better behaved than we were at their age when we went to similar whing-dings...the vice-presidency of St. Anthony's Rosary Society stays in our block; Doe Marshall now the wheel -- congratulations, Doe! ... Larry Williams makes the T-H also, but not in a complimentary fashion; you don't have to try out a car, Larry, to find out how fast it'll go -- most of us know...our teenage float from St. Anthony's in the big, beautiful Xmas parade a very lovely thing to behold, nice singing and all, and while the kids didn't win a prize the comments were many and enthusiastic; and all who participated had lots of fun doing it ... our paper was quoted in the Nov. 29 issue of Harlan Miller's "Over The Coffee".

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If evergreen trees were white we're pretty sure some people would spray them green; this year we noted they came in pink and blue also; and did you ever notice how evergreen trees will grow on rocky crags, but, oh, how you have to nurse one along to get it to grow in your yard!...we're glad -- and surprised -- to note that the Avoca St. pavement assessments were considerably cheaper than the engineers' estimates, ours being about 20% less than the estimate...the block Xmas party a huge success -- by far the finest to date; all on hand but Moe Marshall and the Fischers; Doe Marshall & Glennie Kessler ought to receive medals for their care & preparation in planning & serving this dinner, and it was about the most delicious meal conceivable; also everybody had a swell time with nobody packing a liquid load -- it's always fair weather when the neighbors get together, and who has more fun than our Sunnyview gang?...incidentally, the Lyons and the Dunphys will have the block picnic; watch for the date in the next issue so that you can plan accordingly...we voted Fox Dressen's outdoor Christmas display the best in the block; nicest indoor trees, as seen from the street, were a tie between Kesslers & Seamans.

Oscar Wilde once said, "A woman with a past has no future." --
George Barnard Shaw says "Virtue is insufficient temptation." --
H. L. Mencken's definition of a wife; "A former sweetheart." --
According to a Japanese proverb a woman's tongue is only three inches long but it can kill a man six feet high. -- When questioned that he always had the last word in an argument with his wife a guy answered "Of course, it't "Yes, Darling." -- Two old maids had a cat which they were careful to never let out of their apartment. One of the old maids got married, and the next morning she sent the other old maid this telegram; "release the cat!"

Looking through a building magazine we're at a loss to understand why Europe outbids us on South American copper when we need it so badly; are they building up a stockpile, preparing for another war, are we stupid, or what?; anyhow, how long can such a situation go on? we think Brennan thinks he's a smarty pants; his new license number matches their house number...sitting in our living room easy chair we cannot help being to see Bad Boy Brennan prancing around their kitchen and must say that so far as he is concerned he could have a one room house containing only a kitchen; we conservatively estimate that he spends 80% of his time there, the other 20% being spent on spit & polishing the jalopy.

This is the time when we should give a vote of thanks to all our pastors for the incalculable good they do us; more poorly paid than any other business or profession, yet at our beck & call twenty four hours a day, seven days a week; and no complaints from them either... Msgr. Stemm basking on the sands at Miami; every time he sends us one of those beautiful postcards we weep; but no one we know deserves a vacation more...we read the other week where the Cliff Muellers had another girl; once Runt gets that machinery started he

can't seem to shut it off...not too much block news this issue; seems that when cold weather sets in we all hibernate more and the Mayor gets around less in his snooping expeditions...however, we did hear that Rosie Renier car ran up against an immovable object, or maybe the object ran into her and found her immovable -- at any rate the Reniers now driving a new car, which is one way to get one.

We steal the following from our friend, Al Link;

	Take time to Think -- it is the source of power.
youth.	Take time to Play -- it is the source of perpetual
	Take time to Read -- it is the fountain of wisdom.
	Take time to Pray -- it is the greatest power on earth.
privilege.	Take time to Love & be Loved -- it is a God-given
	Take time to Laugh -- it is the music of the soul.
selfish.	Take time to Give -- it is too short a day to be
	Take time to Work -- it is the price of success.

Just to make myself feel better I'll let it out that Al got it from the original source, so this makes it third-hand.

We almost forgot to extend wedding anniversary congratulations to the Striefs, Feb 12; Brennans, April 10; Reniers, April 16; Dressens, April 21; and birthday wishes to Marie Williams, Dec. 30; Vare Waite, Jan. 23...guess that about winds up this issue of drivel & nonsense and we can truthfully say that we don't envy the Winchells and the Harlan Millers who must turn out a set number of interesting words six days a week, month in & month out, year after year...the next issue will be due about April 15th.

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This will be a somewhat small issue for this sheet but our first issue of the SEARCHLIGHT came out a little late and, on top of that, the neighborhood seemed pretty calm the last few months. This doesn't make for news; anyway we'll do the best we can. I'm writing the first half of this just as spring is beginning to peek around the corner and that old ambition to get outside starts gnawing away at our bones. As I write this, I can visualize everybody buzzin' around in their yards in a couple of more weeks with rakes, hoes, spades, lawn spreaders and other assorted tools of the sport.

One of our well known columnists gives a few rules for successful living, and darned good they are if you can follow them;

Be contented -- you'll live longer.
Don't be contented -- or you'll stagnate.
Be strict with your child -- or you'll spoil him.
Be lenient with your child -- or you'll inhibit him.
Look out for yourself first -- or you'll be trampled.
Live for others -- it's the key to happiness.
Plan to retire -- and you'll enjoy life.
Don't give up working -- or you'll rust away.
Express yourself -- or you'll get an ulcer.
Follow the crowd -- or you'll be unpopular.
Take plenty of exercise -- for your body needs toning up.
Don't over-exert yourself -- for your body can easily be strained.
Eat less sugar -- it's bad for your teeth.
Eat more sugar -- it's good for your energy.
Get a hobby -- so you can relax from the pressure of work.
Make your work your hobby -- so you can get ahead faster.
Take pains with your appearance -- for clothes make the man.
Don't concentrate on externals -- it's the inner self that counts.
Always anticipate the best -- and the best will come to you.
Maintain high standards -- and the world will respect you.
Modify your ideals -- and learn to accept reality.
Don't get involved in politics -- for all politicians are crooked.
Take an interest in politics -- to keep the government honest.

GET IT!

Our friend Al Link quotes an old Chinese proverb which makes some sense; - If you want to be happy for an hour, get drunk; if you want to be happy for three days, get married; if you want to be happy for eight days; kill your pig and eat it; if you want to be happy forever, go fishing.

One nice thing about publishing this miniature journal -- whenever we don't have much news we can always pad it with plagiarisms, and with bright (?) jokes we've either heard or read....and it's good to remember that no matter how smart you think you are there's always somebody just around the corner who's a helluva lot smarter... chances are that by the time you see this sheet the Brennans doll baby will have arrived; about the first exciting thing to happen in the block since January One; our bet is it'll be a boy -- the law of averages simply has to work out in this block sooner or later.... just about the time we were getting ready to call up the street department this past winter they finally decided to cinder our streetsan oversight in our last issue; we neglected to mention that Ronnie Williams now a marine -- which remind us that Bill Kessler should be out of the ranks & back in circulation soon.

Our assessments for Avoca St. a pleasant surprise; ran about 19% lower than the city's estimate....glad I can figure closer than that, one way or the other, in my own business...the Sunnyview Sentinels had charge of the March Holy Name breakfast and did a rip-snorting job under the direction of Boss Joe Koester; even had Dopey Dressen on the run waiting table -- and that you gotta see to believe! St. Anthony's Church rapidly acquiring that spanking new look, the parish growing like mad and we never saw so many people in church as during this last Lent....our condolences to John Hanrahan on the death of his father....still miss Moe Marshall's perambulations around the neighborhood; talked to him Easter Sunday and he the same old Moe; hope we'll see more of him during the summer.

Since we sold our lot on Avoca St. (too much hay to mow) we can look forward to more activity in the block this summer; another chance for all the sidewalk superintendents to give with suggestions and how to do its; someday somebody tell the wrong guy what to do and will get a handful of mortar in his puss...the west Sunnyview block now has all superstructures completed and taking on the semblance of an attractive neighborhood; when all landscaping is finished it'll be something to behold and we note they have just about as much variety in color schemes and design as our block....said our Kim when leaving church the other Sunday; "That mass sure lasted short."....old Sea legs Seaman seemed to be the first one out doing yard work this spring; out and around when the March winds still howling -- but as he becomes a seasoned home-owner we'll bet our upper plate he'll be less anxious to tackle the pasture....Jack Ludescher in the hospital for surgery on his beak some time ago, but now back in circulation.

From a college professor's address to a recent graduating class; "College teaches you how to pursue happiness; it doesn't show you how to catch it! And you'll find that by the time you're old enough to appreciate good books, you'll need bifocals. By the time you're old enough to appreciate good music, you'll need a hearing aid. And by the time you're old enough to appreciate really fine food, you'll need crockery teeth. And, finally, by the time you're rich enough to go places and do things, you're too old to go, and too damned tired to do!"....from a freshman's geometry paper; "Geometry teaches us how to bi-sex angels."....said student to teacher; "I don't think I deserve an absolute zero." Said teacher; "I don't either, but it's the lowest mark I can give."

While Americans are always working their heads off to be different, they still all manage to look alike; crew cuts, upside-down flower pot hats on the dames, monogrammed breast pocket hankies for the boys, charcoal grey and grey flannel suits and pants, pink shirts, until everybody looks the same to this reporter -- just like looking at a batch of negroes; I never could tell one from another....it's getting so the street is even going on block vacations together; the whisper is that the Dressens, Dunphys, Marshalls and Koesters are all going on vacation together somewhere up in Wisconsin the latter part of June; like living with your mother-in-law -- hope they all come back friends....Rosie Renier on her second carscapade; seems the jitney wouldn't put it's brakes on going down University (at least that's her story;) result, irresistible car meets immovable telephone pole; guess which was damaged the most -- maybe Moose ought to get back to a horse and buggy with the fringe on top.... however, she not alone; the Mayor also had a rather rough little brush with the police dept....Msgr. Stemm compliments Rosie for taking these snide digs so well, so we nominate her the best sport in the block -- however, when you give it you also gotta be able to take it!

What neighborhood financier is romancin'?....hear Kid Kessler in the hospital for a week but glad to hear it was not serious....also our Eddie not up to par but feeling a bit better now....Rosie the first sun-bather of the season as usual; made her premier appearance on Sunday, March 25th....Riassetto's house up for sale; we heard a rumor today that it's been sold but don't know how true that is --

wonder why we're going to lose them and what the next occupants will be like....we get razzed plenty about our flat roof but we're glad it's flat when we saw all the shingles going into a permanent wave on all the other roofs after the big wind of April 3rd....and the Lyons had a TV antenna casualty the following week.

We read with vast amusement that article in LIFE magazine the other week about the father who had his own telephone installed because his three teen-agers monopolized the house phone; somebody ought to give this daddy a little clue, and a few pointers, on that old-fashioned thing called family discipline -- and the equally old-fashioned (?) deal of Pop ruling the roost....wedding anniversary felicitations to Dunphys, May 17th; Koesters, May 3rd; Kesslers, June 20th; happy birthday to Gladys, June 27th.

Roz Lyons has promised me the data and date on the block picnic sometime this week after which we'll go to press -- so here's the scoop on that event -- it will be held on Sunday, June 3rd, so mark that date down on your calendar; will be in either Lyonses or Dunphy's yard; about the same food and drink set-up as last year; the Mayor will take care of the tent; keep your fingers crossed that it doesn't rain! -- that winds up this issue, which was wrapped up in the month of the big wind -- it got so I expected any day to find a Nebraska or South Dakota newspaper blowing around in our yard!

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive
Circulation Managers -- Kim & Kay Kintzle
Subscription -- 10¢ per copy

We're really starting to get this issue out well before the deadline. It's a hot Saturday afternoon and we doing this on the patio with the fan on our neck ... has been hot and dry as the Sahara, which means the water company will make in the black this quarter. Tomorrow is Father's Day and we already received a dandy striped beach towel which can be seen from our house clear over the hills to Kane St. So we perusing an article clipped from The Witness some weeks ago by Joseph Breig which says things for us much better than we can say them ourselves. We wish we could quote the blurb complete because it's so good and so apt but will have to content with excerpts. Joe really comes to the rescue of the much maligned, often ridiculed, father of the comics and T-V. He says we may have some of the Dagwood in us, are not expected to be shining-knight-in armor heroes seven feet tall and full of bottomless wisdom. Says Joe, "Dagwood is an inspiration to us. If he can do it (and he can) anybody can do it. From him we learn the occult arts by which a mere mutt of a father can manage with what he is, and can contrive in spite of his ineptness to create a good and happy home and family ... The Secret, of course, is simple. Dagwood is a cheerful combination of humility, good humor and love. Dagwood knows what he is... and can face up to the situation with what courage and perseverance he can muster. The result is that instead of towering to olympian heights....we just love our wives and children, and laugh with them, and have a chat with any kid who gets off the reservation, and all in all manage reasonably well....Beyond all question we Dagwood fathers are a disgrace and a scandal to fatherhood. At least, that is what the convention speakers say and we don't blame them. But we manage not to turn gray over it, seeing as how our wives and children continue to take the ridiculous attitude that they wouldn't trade their bunglingly happy homes for castles on the Rhine. Odd of them isn't it?"

We hasten to add that if father were all he's supposed to be by the book he'd surely be one helluva of a guy to live with!

Funny how the old-fashioned idea of housecleaning has disappeared; no carpets hanging on the line any more -- wonder what the manufacturers of carpet beaters make these days?....the Brennans fooled us all and had another female; including our Avoca Street neighbors this makes five new baby girls in the neighborhood with about the last eight months -- Dressens, Seamans, Brennans, Heitzmans and Riassetos. We have enough girls around here to start a YWCA, or a convent; Les Hartley says that in a few years from now when any boy honks a horn on our street umpteen girls will jump out the front door; it's a cinch that if a boy pops up in the block he'll definitely be a wolf before he's out of diapers....we were eating in a restaurant the other day and got quite a brainstorm; wouldn't it be some punkins if all the people whose names begin with A to I would eat lunch at 11:45, all those from K to R at 12:15 and all those from S to Z at 12:45? This would give the customers better service and seating, give the waitresses a break and make it possible to get our paws on the only newspaper any restaurant has lying around (as things are now somebody always beats us to it).

Which reminds us -- remember when hamburgers were a dime? and carnival rides for the small fry were a dime? now you have to pay to get on the carnival grounds and they get two bits a throw for rides; and the two bit hamburger you get is a little dab of meat right smack in the middle of a huge bun....bought us a new pair of Bermuda shorts the other day and couldn't help but picture in my mind what would happen were I to wear them to church some sunny Sunday morn...good thing we don't give way to all our crazy whims or the world would certainly be a gigantic sideshow (but interesting

and amusing, you can bet your sox)....time has a way of marching on and just the other day during a heavy rain I got to thinking of all the kicks we used to get out of Bad Boy Brennan's driveway washing away every time a dark cloud showed in the sky; but the danged thing seems to have settled down the last year or so (guess it moved across Avoca to Pete Finger's ski slide)....the Lyonses planted some more shrubbery; Seaman burned out the empty lot (or hole, whichever you prefer), but Dressens new trees done died -- maybe he should throw a little of that stuff on them instead of spreading so much of it around the block....Bill Kessler back in circulation, but not for long -- got hitched on May 19th and, judging from her picture, a very lovely girl -- best of luck, Bill! the Sunnyview Sentinels and assistants did a great job directing traffic for the Holy Name Rally at St. Anthony's; if order is the first law of heaven we should all have a good entree....

Our block always reminds me of a great big patriarchal family (like in biblical times, you know?)--little peeves and differences crop up almost every week--but when the chips are down, and something demanding cooperation comes up, everybody sticks together like paste and the outside world sees a united front (something you don't see in the world about us)--witness the wading pool deal; Janie Dressen gets in a row with the Brennan girls in the Brennan pool, Janie runs home, Vincie buys Janie Pool; Who in pool first; the Brennan girls; Lynn Pape also has a pool so the whole gang tries that one out; Monkey Wards did a big business that week -- but we all still good neighbors -- something no amount of money will buy... things we get awfully sick of -- the Kelly-Rainier wedding, the Truman-Daniel wedding, segregation in the south -- we wonder how people can go to church on Sunday, say their prayers every day, and still act that way; we often wonder how well white people would do under the same restrictions; figuring the deal financially, socially, educationally, Harlem is a shining star compared to Hollywood (Hoo you married to now?) and, as the guy said, "When all is said and done there is usually more said than done."....and then the fun began -- Vera got herself a new power mower; Dressen gives her preliminary instructions; power mower seems to run for Vera's grass-cutting boythe Mayor installed a new sidewalk which means that the kibitzers (particularly Dressen) can stop bitching about that item....Gene Glab to teach mathematics at Senior High next school year, will also help coach track, Papa Glab proud and happy, we glad too....1st prize for the best crop of dandelions this years goes to Sonny Boy Seaman; wins by a walk; 2nd and 3rd prizes to Brennan and Dressen....the block still goes to town on publicity but the new Brennan baby takes the sweepstakes -- gets picture in the Telegraph just a few weeks after being born; our Carole's picture in the witness the week of May 19th; Walt Fischer's sunny face among a group of faithful McDonald employees; then the two Maureens, Dunphy and Renier, pose for the photog for June 13th picture -- future tennis champs.

The block owes a vote of thanks to Pappy Pape for fixing the hole at the corner of Sunnyview and Avoca -- no doubt Dressen, the needler, had something to do with it -- then the City came along and put the frosting on -- now no more squawking for another year....we're finally convinced that Bad Boy Brennan is a 7th Day Adventist or Hebrew--he plays on Saturday and does the yard work on Sunday....even without a calendar there's one sure way to tell it's Saturday; the beer truck stops at Brennan's; and you can always gamble on its being Sunday when Joeboy cuts the lawn....a touch of nostalgia for the good old days--we now have an ice cream wagon coming through the block--only it's motorized--but the kids still flock around it just like we used to; any daddy doesn't buy the kids a cone a big heel.... the Kintzles have a mating, birth and divorce all between issues of the paper--we had a Mama Robin sitting a nest in one of our climbing rose bushes, wondered how long it takes robins to be born, seemed like nine months all the while we were watching, Mama got used to us and didn't budge when we walked by, gave birth to triplets about May 24th, cutest things you ever saw, fed the trio for a few weeks, then the whole family took off for points unknown and we reminded of the transience of birth, life and what have you....Mom and I went to Clarke College Alumnae dance the other p. m. and find we can still rock-n-roll after a fortyish fashion along with many of our old school chums--but came to the conclusion that if you want to dance like our offspring you definitely have to go into serious training--like going out for football or track--and we ran some neat interference while dancing in their midst.

And we discover Sonny Boy Seaman a crooner (Singin' Seaman) -- sings in the K. of C. choral club....which reminds us--what ever happened to "Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man"?....the block picnic a great success as usual, a beautiful Sunday afternoon, although a bit cool around the edges after sundown, with everybody running home for a change from shorts to slacks--everybody present but the Striefs, 37 adults, 18 children, our block family getting bigger, food out of this world, all adjourned to the Lyons' fun room after dark to beat their gums over the card tables, didn't stay long enuf to find out who came out on top....Seaman and Koester say they will cook up the block Xmas party, so we'll await further dope on this; all pertinent information in the next issue....Moose Renier engaged in an excavating project which is no fun for any home owner; broken sewer pipe in front lawn--only consolation is that he could have run into uranium....John Ludescher also installs new sidewalk--no week seems to go by without some improvement in the neighborhood....Clet Heitzman the real yard man; no wonder he keeps three lawn mowers--he keeps his lawn so short he has to water and fertilize it so it'll grow some more, so he can cut it some more--a vicious circle....most people buy flowers and plants but in this block we trade them back and forth and still have lots to give away....we positively guarantee that our yellow daisies, silver king and mountain snow will increase in your yard to the point where you'll be building in another neighborhood....and, incidentally, if you need permanent awnings or aluminum storms and screens the Mayor is in the business and can fix you up in high style; Zephyr awnings and Eagle-Picher aluminum storms and screens the top, so call me.... Brennan gets a pair of Bermuda shorts for Father's Day with artificial legs to match; next in line on the shorts program--Pape and Dressen....

Looks like this will be a banner issue and we think we'll charge an extra jitney for it; as of June 15th we already have three pages and we are resuming the job this breezy, dampish glorious 4th of July morning--for once we are going to press ahead of time, and that's something like having money left in the bank after you pay all your bills....we found a big six-inch turtle wandering on our front lawn the other a. m., couldn't figure out where he (or she) came from, put it in a pan on the porch, went out after breakfast and it was gone; found it again in the p. m. put it in a pail, tried to pawn it off on Jimmy Ludescher but no luck, finally Larry Pape took it off our hands; found out later it escaped from Larry's bucket too; so ends the neighborhood adventure of raising wild animals....Bad Boy Brennan puts a scarecrow among his strawberries; the only thing he forgets is that it may scare the birds but it won't scare Dressen; the thing to do is let Dressen pick the strawberries and then he can scare the birds....a few days after Brennan prances around in his shorts we see Pape doing likewise--now if we can get the awning company to make up a pair for Dopey the shorts habit will be unanimous around here....saw a woman in church the other Sunday wearing a fur piece--temperature 85 degrees at 7:30 a. m.; on the way out after mass she promptly faints in the vestibule--Moral: never wear a fur piece when the temp. is over 80.

Saw the ad in the Telegraph the other Sunday for the 8 foot diameter swimming pool which Stampfers offer for about 40 bucks; but very cleverly the figures drawn in the ad make the pool look about 14 feet in dia.; there's many a slip twixt the ad and the product; and you can buy it for \$1 down and \$1 a week, the only bad feature being that by the time you got the danged thing paid for you wouldn't be much interested in using it (sometime along about Jan.)....this the damndest block for luck; of all the names they pick out of the phone book for free movie passes (in the T.H. classified section) Walt Fischer got one the other week and the other day Marie Williams comes up with a winner--hope they both spotted them! Got a card from the vacationers that all was well; then they finally get back, all in one piece, all still friends--a sterling test of democracy; but the weather not so good, and the fishing only fair, which gave them plenty of time to polish up on their card game....the next a. m. before 8 we see Janie Dressen out in the yard hand-in-hand with Mary Brennan; probably missed those hassles with the Brennan twosome--anyhow, pretty cute!....much to-do in the neighborhood again what with the paving project on Clarke Drive; getting the Big Hole filled up across the street, which makes for some improvement; but pity the poor Joe who ever buys that lot to build on; and we have bus service at our door; also discovered what it would be like to live on Cen-

tral Avenue or any other busy street....Mama Seaman really got Papa Seaman trained--what I mean! he beating the davenport cushions in the yard the other day while Mama sits, suns, and supervises.... Mer says the Brennans, when they pack gear and kids for their Sunday outings, remind her of the Kettles taking off; so after this when we refer to the Kettles you'll know what we mean.

Besides our group vacationers this finds the Hanrahans in New Yawk, the Papes in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the Reniers spending a week-end in Chicago....Marie Williams' house looking fresh and bright as a gold coin since she put on the yellow shingles....see Leath's truck in front of Dunphys--means they must have bought something to sit on, lie on, stand on, lean on or lop on....Maur-
een Renier walking up the street the other day holding hands with a booooooy, he walking on the curb to make him the right height.... we got a shipment of materials the other day via H. & W. consigned to Clarence & Kurthyl -- which is the worst our name has ever been garbled.

Wedding anniversary felicitations to the Seamans, Aug. 8th; Fischers, Aug. 10th; Kintzles, Sept. 7th (21 years); Marshalls, Oct. 9th; Papes, Oct. 24th; Lyons, Oct 30th....we read that men lose \$48 million a year out of their pants pockets, not including what their wives snitch; deeper pockets might be the answer, only they're deep enough now for what we have to put in them....we heard about (but didn't see) the battle of the sexes the other day between Jeff Heitzman and Sara Seaman; witnesses say it a beaut with Jeff the final victor; will probably wind up going steady in another ten years.

We quote the piece de resistance which is from a magazine ad we clipped:

RETIRE ON \$90 A MONTH

"or less in a resort area, 365 days of sun a year, dry temp. 65-85. Or maintain luxurious villa, servants, ALL expenses \$150-250 a month. Am. - Eng. colony on lake 60 miles long, 30 min. to city of ½ million, medical center, schools, arts, sports. Few hours by air. Train, bus, paved roads all the way. Full time servants, maids, cooks, \$6 to \$15 a mo., filet mignon 35¢ a lb., coffee 40¢, gas 15¢ a gal., gin, rum, brandy 65-85¢ a fifth, whiskey \$1.50 a qt. Houses \$10 a mo. up. No fog, smog, confusion, jitters. Serene living among world's most considerate people. For exactly how air-mail \$2.00 for 110 pages current info.--prices, roads, hotels, hunting, fishing and living conditions from Amer. viewpoint to Peter Arnold, S. A., Box 12, Ajijic, Lake Chapala, Jal., Mexico."

What are we waiting for; heaven isn't even like that, but I bet they have mosquitoes!....and to think Msgr. Stemm has been settling for little old Miami all these years!

That wraps up this issue and for those of you who already had a vacation we hope you had as much fun as you planned; for those of you who are going we hope the same, and a safe journey -- Mom and I will probably end up taking an overnight trip to Crystal Lake Cave with dinner at the Palmer House in Sabula. See you around.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

Dubuque, Iowa
Oct. 15, 1956

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive Subscription 10¢
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We're still holding to the habit of starting to edit this journal some time ahead of schedule so as not to get caught with our slip showing. With my work keeping me away from home more than during the fore part of the year I find myself with odd evenings when time lags a bit -- & so this pleasant chore begun in the quaint little town of Fayette (the only thing they lack are the good old horses & buggies), & home of Upper Iowa University. About as far away from home as I've been all year but Mom & I are starting to browse through our library of travelana. Sitting in my room tonight looking over an odd assortment of literature I find a folder from Congressman Talle telling me I can have any amount of free booklets for the asking, & here's a sample of what you can get;

"Fireproofing Fabrics" (to protect yourself from cigarette burns?)

"The ABC's of Mending" (any of you girls need some dope on this subject?)

"Turkey on the Table the Year Round" (ahhhhhhhh!)

"Culture of Orchids" (grow your corsages right at home!)

"Child's Self Help Overall" (sounds intriguing, but we not in the market at the moment)

"Sour Cream, How to Prepare & Use at Home" (nothing on sour grapes, however)

"Growing Vegetables in Town & City" (are they different from the ones grown in the country?)

"Ants in the Home & Garden & How to Control Them" (let's have one on how to control ants in the pants)

"Buying Womens Coats & Suits" (that's easy! - just give your wife a checkbook)

and many, many others equally informative; and equally useless. Besides being a waste of our tax money we wonder what sort of featherbedders the jerks are who wrote them. Then we read where a jet bomber costing \$8 million smackers crashes in Calif. Is it what you'd call the high cost of living in a "civilized" era?

Anyhow a peaceful & pleasant summer in the neighborhood; everybody busy maintaining & improving, & it's surprising the many people who know our short, off-the-beaten-path, street, & equally surprising how many compliments we get on the appearance of the street....the Hanrahan hacienda sporting a slick new grey and white paint job; and the dash of color on the doors a dinger; Vera the busiest flower gardener in the block; Seaman builds his planters and they should be a knock-out when they have something in them next spring....of all the new trees planted in various yards we think the moraine locusts (?) on the Renier front lawn the most attractive....the Kettles still win hands down as the travelingest family in the block; loaded up and whizzed off almost every Sunday, rain or shine; junkets to Madison, Delhi, Davenport, Backbone Park and a week's kettling at Lake Delavan (but they do surprise us by getting home on Saturday afternoon instead of the usual late Sunday night arrival)....that week pretty lonesome here on the corner with no small fry next door (plus all the others they attract)....and thinking how you can really tell whether you love your neighbor; if you truly miss them when they're away on vacation.. ..found out that on the 4 family vacation jaunt reported in last issue; when all had packed their gear in Moe Marshall's panel truck he and Doe had to leave some of their own belongings behind because there wasn't any room left!....with the price of haircuts now a buck, fifty Joe B. and I have decided to chop each other's wigs when necessary; maybe the start of a block barbering pool....Uncle Vince buys a tent for Janie, but when all the other kids get in there's no room left for Janie; maybe he should have bought two -- what with tent, wading pool, swing set and small fry furniture we christen it Dressen's Sunnyview Playground....Strief's and we get new buggies; we christened ours the "white wagon", and we finding station wagons no longer a liability on tradein, like they used to be not many years back.

Mrs. Riassetto throws a super de-luxe "kaffe Klatch" for all the gals within a radius of half a block; and we hear tell her pastries are something!....another way you can always be sure it's Saturday; Vera making her regular trek to market....Vera spent a week at a lodge in the Minnesota north woods; says only two things you have to beware of up there -- bears and men!....The Kesslers and Manternachs on a Mason City week-end....the juniors Pape and Koester build a tree house in the alley (in the tree in the alley); much hammering from 6 a.m. to 10 p. m, but not enough trees around for us to worry about a Tarzan swooping down on our shoulders....but that would be preferable to having Elvis the Pelvis anywhere within gunshot; we think he pure corn a yard wide and not even "quaint"; but glad to find that, so far, our own darling daughters immune -- didn't even turn on TV when he appeared with Ed Sullivan....hot summer nights in the block finds all the big fry in shorts, and all the small fry in pj's ready to be tucked in....we edified to see that the Unga St. gang now also having a block picnic -- in Hartley's yard this July 8th; and our binoculars really give us a good look-see -- we can see our Diane surprised her mother the other month by baking her a birthday cake; but very thoughtfully put only one candle on it....Diane on another slumber party the other night, which lead us to wonder why they're called "slumber" parties; since the girls stay up practically all night why not call them "owl" parties?....and a tip of the hat to the clerk at the Morrison Hotel who took care of Diane and two girl friends for a couple of nights -- three girls get an air-conditioned room for 4.50 per night!; either the kids have something we don't, or the clerk an awful softie.

Puzzles of the month -- why does a certain local educational institution solicit contributions from our own business firms and then buy all the furniture for a new building from an out-of-town furniture company?....also, why is it half the drivers can't get into a parking space properly? in a town which has diagonal parking I saw three wasted spaces due to improper parking by other cars; maybe fining the offenders would help teach them some consideration for the other fellow....why is it that women stampede and maul male singers and actors, but men never do it to the glamour girls?....why is it that no matter how tangled the 'phone cord gets everybody in the family is too lazy to spend a minute untangling it?....why is it hot and sunny all week while we're working out of town, then rains all day Saturday when we itch to work in the yard? (but maybe it good once in a while; forces us to take a day of leisure).

We see a group of nuns going into the Varsity Theatre one Sat. p.m.; the marquee said Joan Crawford in "Female on the Beach" and "New York Confidential" -- something wrong somewhere!....a parcel of nuns go by our house for a walk and do much looking, gesturing, conversing; don't know whether they commented on the flowers, the architecture or our nameplate -- but being from Clarke they probably arrived at the proper hook-up....and a big hand to the nun running the power mower at St. Patrick's convent (right on Main St.)....Mom says the nun on the ANDREA DORIA was the only one who didn't lose anything; she kept her rosary and everybody else started using it; the gal who lost 25 pcs. of luggage lost everything -- and was probably glad to settle for a decade of the nun's rosary along about that time....memo to Msgr. Stemm -- did you know that in Mexico Jan. 17th is St. Anthony's day? all pet animals are painted and adorned with flowers and taken to church to be blessed; can't help but wonder what would happen if that tried at our St. Anthony's....and if you think the refinished pews in St. Anthony's a great improvement we guarantee your eyeballs will probably drop right into your lap about 6 months from now when you'll begin to get a realization of the renovated interior.

Reading an historical novel the other day and found that the American Indian had a sound set-up; if he could afford it he had two or more wives and if one got quarrelsome or jealous the brave simply moved into the tepee of the second wife until the first one cooled off....like the guy says about girls -- first we play with them, then we work with them, finally we work for them....we read that on the average 20 to 40 bucks has to be added to the price of every car to pay for advertising; but on Lincoln Mercury it's \$120; you Mercury

owners pay a couple of bucks a week to see Ed Sullivan....like millions of others we had a slight attack of nostalgia at the demise of the Ringling big top; no other form of entertainment could come anywhere near thrilling us as much....we note in our travels that various other things are quietly passing from the scene -- the old farm windmill; doomed by electrification -- the small town movie; now the villagers drive to the nearest big city to see them fresh from the studio....and we see where the supermarkets will soon be selling discs; are they to become the dime stores of the future?, or the dept. stores?, you can now get most anything but a shoeshine in themused to be that all the fellows had their hair cut pretty much the same -- but nowadays we have the butch, the flattop, the mohawk, the ducktail and I noticed lately, a new one which I call the reverse cowlick; you comb your hair straight out to your forehead and then curl up the ends -- any takers?....Renier trimming his hedge in a genuwine Mexican straw hat 3 ft. in dia.; not only shades your head but also an area of at least 6 ft. in dia. all round you.... the perversity of humankind; we go on a river excursion here at home and find it loaded with Chicago tourists; Carole and boy friend get up at 3 a. m. and go to Chicago to take a lake excursion....and her b.f. pretty well housebroken by now; cuts the lawn for us once in a while; helps Carole with dishes on occasion, and what more could you ask?; but now he off to the Air Corps a few weeks ago (Randolph Field, Tex.) leaving our house full of pining girls, and we pretty sure the post office dept. will now start to get out of the red.

Publicity Dept.; Seaman family picture big as life in the gas co. ad; a super and Seaman looking every foot the proud pa....our Carole one of the winners in the ladies doubles championship in city tennis, this being the 2nd time -- odd thing being that one of the pair she beat is her best buddy....and in the west block the John Woredehoff baby (2123 Sunnyview) appears in the T. H. as subject of a prize winning newspaper baby photo; and our sheet mentioned in Harlan Miller's OVER THE COFFEE & with a line drawing to boot!....but we should post Harlan on the personnel of our paper (this our fault all the way through) -- Kim (Kimberley) and Kay (Kathleen) Kintzle are the identical twin daughters of the editor of the SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT (Clarence -- nickname, Curly, Kintzle); in his last mention Harlan understandably labelled Kim a boy (having Kipling in mind, no doubt); we should have set you straight on this sooner, Harlan.... and a last minute flash says our Carole elected vice-president of the Junior class at Clarke.

Did you know that in the city of New York every 24 hrs. there is 1 murder, 1 death from criminal negligence, 27 felonious assaults, 3 rapes, 147 homes and business establishments burglarized, 40 cars stolen, 31 hold-ups, 69 grand larcenies, 15 miscellaneous felonies, frauds sex offences, etc.; the property stolen from New Yorkers amounts to over \$140 million -- guess we'll stay put out here in quiet little Dubuque where a murder a decade is unusual....another advantage to living in our block; no matter what time you decide to go to church (and the car not at home) all you have to do is stand out in front of the house and thumb the first neighbor car going in either direction and you're sure of a ride....and parents would do well to read the article "Are We Getting Our Money's Worth in Our Schools" (this pertaining primarily to higher education) in the Sept. issue of BETTER HOMES & GARDENS; an eye-opener....the new home behind us coming along beautifully; and to allay your curiosity the name is Horace (Herb for short) Hoover, comes from Oelwein, is guidance director at Senior High, no children (but rapidly acquiring all the neighbors'), faith, Episcopalian; to make it short, they're people, and a welcome asset to the neighborhood....and while weeding the other afternoon it dawned on us why the Lord created the wind -- to blow dandelion seeds into our lawn!....and the finest non-partisan compliment the neighborhood has received to date -- school supt. Max Clark told the Hoovers they'd have fine neighbors.

Anniversary greetings to Marie Williams; birthday, Dec. 23rd, the Hanrahans, Jan. 12th....nobody much in the neighborhood seems to have been interested in getting married during the winter; maybe because everybody so busy trying to keep warm himself that he didn't want to

assume the job of helping somebody else to keep warm to boot....Al Link, whose girl Friday cuts the stencils for this sheet says she only charges half price -- seems she lives out in Asbury addition and gets such a charge out of many of the items (because she knows most of the characters appearing herein) that it takes her twice as long as it should to get the stencils cut.

Since this is only Oct. 1st we are holding the last page open for whatever might turn up between now and Nov. 1st, which is our deadline -- and following our addenda; Johnny Mootz tearing down his garage -- hear tell he sold the ground so maybe another new hacienda going up....the Brennan baby in the hospital for a few days but now saluting us as lustily as ever....we attend the dedication of the new Clarke building and the only such shindig we ever attended where all 3 Bishops were on hand -- plus an Abbot!....the Brennans at a Melody Mill dance session and Lex really in a rock 'n roll mood.... have some more miscellaneous dope but will ring off until the next issue since news gets scarcer during the winter months anyhow.

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive
Circulation Managers - Kim & Kay Kintzle - Subscription 15¢ per copy

In spite of whether we like the idea or not here we are at the beginning of another year & in typing the folio number we amazed to find that this is the 5th year of publication and we're all a year older and in view of the inflationary era (plus Msgr. Stemm's stirring peroration on the low value of the dollar in the collection plate) we also decide to raise the ante to 15¢... with four issues a year this means the price of one highball in East Dubuque to keep misinformed as to the misdeeds of your neighbors for a whole year...and we'll still lose a few bucks on every issue!

It now being common knowledge that Mom & I flew down to Mexico City & environs for a 10 day vacation we will not bore anybody with a travelog. Suffice to say that we still as crazy as ever about hopping a Super-Constellation not only in time and money saved but in the thrill itself -- we doubt if the thrill of flying could ever wear off regardless of whether you took a hop every month....it is indeed a small world -- we fly from Chicago to Mexico City (1700 air miles) in 7 hrs. & 45 min....&, of course, Mexico out of this world -- Florida & Calif. have climate and palm trees -- Mexico has this plus real scenery, charm, color and what have you; also, incidentally, much cheaper prices.... we like the way they enjoy life -- we see practically no native with glasses, bald heads, ulcers; if you generally don't get quite the food you ordered off the menu, don't worry too much about it; if the bus isn't quite on time, forget it; if the postcards you sent to the States arrive after you've gotten home, don't flip your lid; just say "manana" and maybe you'll live longer....we amused by the number of broken windows in houses; when it's raining you can't fix them and when it's not raining you don't have any need to fix them; the buildings which have settled because of the marshy ground on which Mexico City is built; the urchins hanging around every cab and hotel to pick up a few centavos for carrying your bags; the street vendors who sell everything from lottery tickets to locketts and water colors; and you kids might like to know that in most parts of Mexico where climate is always warm the school children have vacation in Nov., Dec., and Jan....the contrast between wealth and poverty amazing; but equally amazing is the progress made by a nation within the less than 20 yrs. since revolutionary activity pretty well ceased.

And so back to our own bailiwick on Sunnyview (which still holds our hearts more than any spot we ever visited) and much has been going on....Bad Boy Brennan finally installs the concrete driveway, right after we finish the last issue; and he has a system all his own -- the portable radio hooked up outside while he trowelling....somebody ran into Renier's car againnnn; \$175 worth of ramming, but it the other guy's fault -- they'll probably have peace now, since the old saying is that such accidents happen in threes....a welcome transformation on Avoca St.; the Herb Hoover house now completed and occupied, and a charming addition.... another new one across the alley (haven't had a chance yet to find out the dope on this deal) plus Johnny Mootz's new garage and Pete Finger renovating his back yard....and we see the juniors Pape and Koester's tree house has now moved to terra firma in the Pape garden -- why not put wheels on it boys?

To continue, Bad Boy Brennan gets a beeg promotion; we understand he now boss-man of over 400 slaves -- nice going, Jo Jo, but keep that big black whip in your locker....we always intended to get the individual count on the pheasants bagged by our hunting con-

tingent but this another thing we just never got around to verifying; but we do know they did right well (especially Uncle Vince)....but we have a pheasant dinner without any hunting through the courtesy of friend Jim Kuhn who believes in sharing the wealth....we further find that the Dunphy's were in Mexico many moons ago when it was probably more interesting than it is now (if possible)....and a canoe load of orchids to the Seamans and Koesters for a most successful Xmas block party; the dinner all any gourmet could ask for and lots of fun to boot -- we missed the Lyons, Hanrahans and Ollie Fischer, all of whom were out of town....the dope on the block picnic will be forthcoming in the next issue....and the sagest comment on E. Presley we've heard to date -- our twins on seeing him for the first time on TV said; "Hm, he's just as bad as Davy Crockett was last year!"....when we see how often the twins baby-sit for our younger neighbors over the holidays we often think of the days when we used to go to three formal dances on three successive nights and still had some pep left.

We think we do a pretty creditable job of keeping socially and mentally young along with our daughters -- we're never too conscious of our age except on various odd occasions such as New Year's Eve when we find that we're just a little too tired to get terribly excited about the event -- and after an hour in church spend a quiet evening at home....but ohhhh how the Brennans and guests did whoop and holler and cut up on the stroke of midnight!....gratified to note that this year 9 out of the 16 houses in the block had outdoor Xmas lighting -- can't we make it unanimous next year?....the Kesslers, Seamans, Ludeschers and Heitzmans all at the K.C. formal this year; and Heitzman divulges that his tux trousers held together with a safety pin -- take a tip from a has-been, Cleve, and have your clothes laundered right after the shindig so they'll be ready for the next session....we sincerely mourn the gradual passing of formal wear for men -- we honestly feel it's good for our morale to fuss over putting on white tie and tails a few times a year, plus the compliments you're bound to get from some of your old gal friends (whether they mean them or not)....Life's greatest contrasts; the satisfaction we feel every time we get a new contract and anticipate the profit -- and the awful horror of all the bookwork at the year's end; the festive mood in which we decorate the house for Xmas -- and the dread of removing and storing same come the post-New Years deflation.

Our publicity dept. overflowing with as usual, PUBLICITY!....the Jerome Meyer home at 2130 Sunnyview featured in the Sunday Telegraph Herald a couple of months ago....Doe Marshall, handsome as usual, featured in the T-H on Oct. 19th as one of the kingpins of St. Anthony's Rosary Society bazaar....our Diane's picture in the Nov. 16th T-H as she entrains for Milwaukee with a group of students and nunsthe Nov. 29th T-H carries a picture of Msgr. Stemm (honorary resident of Sunnyview Drive) and John Ludescher presiding at the Loras Academy Awards breakfast....followed by the Dec. 26th picture of Elaine Seaman and Mom at a Visitation Alumnae get-together....and as the last issue of this paper was in the process of being printed we get the Clarke Courier and find that Carole is the tennis champ of Clarke also -- picture, too -- and another picture of her pouring tea for dedication; plus two other mentions (her B.F. probably framed this issue when he received it)....and the same tennis picture in the Oct. 16th T-H and Carole indignantly informs us that she's been ladies doubles champ in city tennis FOUR times, not just TWO!

We marvel at the inconsistency of people such as the southern segregationists; they say desegregation will mean intermarriage -- yet if their hate-taught children follow true to form how could they ever come close enough to a negro to even tell his color, much less consort?....worst ad of the year; Arrow's full page ad in the Popular Mags. showing a woman dangling a miniature man from a chain on her hand with the caption "A woman's most important accessory is a well-dressed man." -- even my ego is offended and I'd rather wear a burlap sarape than an Arrow shirt (which would presumably make me an attractive (?) accessory like a charm bracelet or lapel pin....and the completely zany effects of prosperity are all too apparent as we look through a recent issue of House Beautiful -- in case you have a yen for spending your dough in the goofiest possible way we can inform

you that you can buy bejewelled band-aids at 3 for a buck, or mink-trimmed clothes pins at \$1.25 per pair, or an 18 kt. gold plate name necklace for your pooch at \$7.50 the copy, or a solid gold tooth pick for that favorite sugar daddy, or what else did you have in mind?.... the goofiest political speeches of the past year -- Kefauver's attempt to scare the people into voting for him by bringing up the future (?) possibility of atomic fallout being dangerous to health and fertility; plus Stevenson interring Ike before the frequent appearance of Stevenson's sons in campaign publicity -- no mother or wife, however -- then the contrast of no pictures, talks by, or intrusions by Ike's wife or son or grandchildren.

One of the best columns of the year -- Harlan Miller's OVER THE COFFEE column of Oct. 31, 1956 on love and affection; if you didn't read it and save it you missed something....and Jackie Gleason's monolog on "Sleeping Beauty" a couple of months back was a gem; we understand it soon to appear as a record....and this we tore out of a two-bit paper book; "Nope. Just know folks. I think, Bruce, that God tests every man living to see if he's worthy of some task for the good of humanity, and his own soul. Why do the wicked prosper? Because God ain't interested in them. And they don't prosper really, unless you're fool enough to confuse material wealth with either happiness or peace of soul. And wealth is not that; most often it's a burden, and a curse. When you look at it close son, there ain't a thing, a natural living thing that's really worth anything that money can buy. Can buy a whole lot of hurtful things like soft living, hard liquor, easy women. But it can't buy health, it can't buy happiness, and it can't buy peace. And without those things, what do you have?"....our friend, Al Link, speaks at Holy Name breakfast in Nov. and truly tops; but knowing Al's eloquence I'm pretty sure he could talk about the sex life of the snail for a full hour without anyone fidgeting.

Our neighborhood romances go on apace, but we don't see Nancy Strief's b.f. go by so often during the winter months....Sue Glab and her romeo still a 2 some....and our Carole's grand affair still the hottest thing in town -- her Bob now at Scott Air Base near St. Louis and the post office must have put on extra carrier long since; he here for a few days before Xmas and Carole betook herself down there for four days over New Years....speaking of travelling we hear the Lyonses in Chicago and the Hanrahans back east for the holidays and it will soon be time for the summer vacationers to start all over again.... I should add that Carole's b.f. hitchiked home one week-end; two gentlemen deliver him right to his door in a Caddy at 4 a.m. -- then he arrives at our house at 5:30 a.m....Diane's nickname at school is "Sarge", and she so marks it on her lunch bag....the Dec. 3rd issue of Life magazine really a mittful with many pictures of the new F.X. basilica in Dyersville; but did the Servite fathers of Chicago (their church just made a basilica the other day) give Msgr. Hoffmann a roasting in a letter to Life Jan. 7th....looks like he primed them for information and then stole their thunder.

We noted the other day that the new concrete islands at the Hill, University, West 9th intersection look pretty cold and bare; why didn't the city fathers leave a few holes in the concrete to receive a few low evergreen shrubs (nothing to block view) and flowers to beautify a prominent spot in the city?; and we've yet to see a city that couldn't use a little extra greenery....in case you guys throw away those plastic coverings on clothes coming back from the cleaners we can tip you off that they have a lot of uses -- they're ideal for storing luggage (last count for this family, 15 pcs.), for covering those seldom-used big roasters, storing blankets, etc....we still stick to our idea of putting up the Christmas tree just before the date -- and we guess that if 99% of the people put theirs up one or two weeks ahead we'll still wait until the holiday; to us doing otherwise is something like eating your Thanksgiving dinner a week or 10 days ahead of time....we observed a long time ago that when one of our twins loses a bit of change they immediately divide their money over again so each will have the same amount -- this is what you'd call sisterly love....saw the Rose Parade in color on New Years Day at a private club viewing and was truly amazed at the clarity and

and beauty of the pictures; our first view of color TV and the results far beyond our expectations....we have come to the conclusion that it is not the "mad bomber" of New York who should be punished -- but the hoaxers who have since done everything humanly possible to throw the police off the track; and we wonder how many horrible and unnecessary tragedies will have to occur before farmer party-liners will not pick up the receiver unless the ring is for them -- saw an instance of this in the paper again the other day -- as usual a case of fire where a prompt call would have been able to prevent tragedy.

Last minute observations....at least two new bikes in the neighborhood since Xmas -- Bobbie Brennan and Mary Ludescher....and Vera Waite's hostessing at the Xmas buffet very charming....it will soon be time for Dopey Dessen to start roaming around the neighborhood checking up....Renier's rumpus room now an accomplished fact, but we haven't yet seen the completed results....we're looking forward to seeing what the Seamans will install in the new planters....and you should have heard, and seen, our slide talk on Mexico at Holy Name breakfast the other Sunday; we not only showed pictures of the bull fight, but also proved we could still throw the bull in the usual fashion.

In writing this first issue of the year, what with year-end book-work, business and tax figures, etc. piled in mountainous fashion on our desk, we can very easily realize what it must be like to have a baby, but still enjoy the birth agony once a year....that's all, and Happy New Year everybody.....

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE

THE SUNNYVIEW SEARCHLIGHT
The World's Smallest Newspaper

Edited & Published by the Mayor of Sunnyview Drive
Circulation Managers - Kim & Kay Kintzle - Subscription, 15¢ per copy

This being a bright, sunny day the middle of March, & we having had a few days of false spring, we get the yen to spout a few profundities about a variety of things -- the mid-East situation, the state of the Nation, adult and juvenile delinquency, the high cost of living and what have you. Instead, the old brain (or what's left of it) doesn't seem to want to operate that way and we find ourselves dwelling on such lowly things as housecleaning the garage, planning the spring flower beds, wondering how soon we can play the first game of golf & looking forward to the one thing as inevitable as death and taxes - raking the lawn! As we head into another spring we're thankful we in our block are all still alive and healthy, our kids all good looking and talented, our houses all nicely painted (save one), our yards all real purty, we all go to church faithfully -- in other words it's a right, tight little community. And with that we give you a few tips on gardening; arrange to cut your lawn the end of the week, then it'll look nice over the week-end, which is when you have the most time to enjoy it; spray your roses, phlox, etc. at the beginning of the season, why wait until the insects have taken over and it's twice as hard to get rid of them; if you weed your flower beds once a week early in the summer (instead of going into a frantic tizzy trying to do it all in one day every few weeks) you'll be practically free of weed trouble the last half of the summer; why wait until the dandelions bloom before applying the weed killer? - DO IT NOW! Here's to the best groomed block in town!

And belated anniversary greetings (we overlooked this last issue) to the Hanrahans, Jan. 12th; Striefs, Feb. 12th (these guys had the same idea a month apart); Marie Williams birthday, Dec. 3rd; Vera Waite's birthday, (39?), Jan. 23rd....and, of course, the anniversaries coming up - Brennans, April 10th, Reniers, April 16th; Dressens, April 21st; Dunphys, May 17th; Koesters, May 3rd; Kesslers, June 20th -- a happy future to you all....and with spring just around the corner we sense that it almost time for one of the gals to start sprouting in the midriff....it also time to get the shorts out of the bottom drawer, and we sure Rosie Renier will be the first sun bather of the season as usual....and much CONGRATULATIONS to Nancy Strief who became Mrs. Kieth Vickery in a surprise ceremony in her home on March 8th - the first wedding actually celebrated in our block - mucho lucko to you both!..and an orchid to Frankie Glab on his appointment as a committeeman of the U. S. Savings & Loan League, a nationwide trade organization representing 4300 savings associations (hope this doesn't mean a raise in the interest rates).

These gas price wars not what they seem - when the war ends the distributors raise the price a cent or two over what it was to make up for lost time and it's the top wheels who reap the final rewards.... and we think that of all the competitive products on the market the automobile is the shoddiest piece of merchandise for the price - all looks and very little quality or workmanship - and our car repair man tells us it holds good for all cars from Cadillacs on down - we understand that the manufacturers are getting so many repair claims on new cars from car dealers that they are really tightening up at the production end -- but we feel it's their own fault since they probably run the assembly lines at such a pace that a man can't wipe his nose without leaving out a piston ring, or forgetting to insert a bolt some-

where....and have you ever stopped to think how much more gas we use with all the stop lights now installed and all the extra going around extra blocks in order to arrive at a certain point due to the one-way street system?; if we had it to do over we'd go into some angle of the car game, since we feel the automobile is here to stay.

Next year we won't bother to drag our Xmas tree into the dumping lot; we'll just give the Seamans a call and Susie will pick it up - she "planted" them all in the Seaman yard this year with charming results - or is Lloyd going to cut them down to size for the new planters?.... we never cease to marvel at how hurried people are; we see them moving into new houses without even a protective coat of primer on the siding, and later they'll blame the paint manufacturer because the paint won't stick; and when the contractor doesn't waterproof the outside of the foundation properly they'll blame the mason later because the basement leaks; and having been born and bred in the contracting game we often ponder how many eons it will take before people will stop falling for cheap, shoddy work in a home (of all places!).... but as John Ruskin once said, "There is hardly anything in this world that some men cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey"....we think that by far the most optimistic statement of the year was that made by Mike Todd when he married Liz Taylor, "We may have arguments but this marriage is it. And you may as well make up your mind to that.".... anybody want to bet that, all things being equal (we mean the legalized adultery fashionable in the show world), he'll live to eat them words?

We casually observed the other day that there are umpteen types of TV antennae in our block -- yet so far as we know everybody has the same excellent reception....we hear that Uncle Vince, dot dope, won a real cute little prize at the euchre party the other week; a specially knitted garment designed for keeping a certain part of the anatomy warm - since we were not at the party we don't know the author of the prank, but it feels like a Kessler prank (only a hunch, of course).... we finally came upon a night last week when the entire family was home for the entire evening; no social, school or parochial events, meetings, or what have you; we can't remember the last time this situation occurred but we do know that it should occur at least once a week....Giggles Brennan was sick with a strep throat for a few days the other week and things were strangely quiet up at this corner.... big correction; it was Janie Dressen who got the bike for Xmas, not Bobbie Brennan....our darling daughters (but not so much so that night) had a skidding accident the other midnight; we got a few more grey hairs and were thrown for a \$50 loss, and fervently hope they aren't out to beat Rosie Renier's record....another thing which has puzzled us for many moons is why most of the small fry in the neighborhood are always there with a friendly "Hello", yet once in a while you run into one who just can't seem to greet you until you first speak to them - undue shyness, or lack of manners? (we haven't caught our own doing this yet, but woe be if we do)....after what happened to the two elderly people in Acapulco the other week, we glad Mom didn't take along her diamond tiara and a few other baubles when we toured Mexico.

Every so often we get the hankering to rearrange our living room a bit - this time we reflected that after one or two more trips we'll have to build another room onto the house; but instead of calling it the "Family Room" we'll call it the "Travel Room" - to house our Navajo rugs, Mexican objects, wood carvings, water colors, et cetera, plus our two full shelves of travel folders, guides, and memorabilia of every description; these shelves representing a greater concentration of cabbage throughout the years than any other single item in the place....used to be that Shylock Glab was the earliest in the block to go to work (couldn't get down there fast enough to foreclose those mortgages); as we sit eating our breakfast and enjoying the Bunker Hill view (just so you'll understand that we don't peek through

the "lace curtains") Frankie generally wheels by about 7:15; now it's Bad Boy Brennan (since he got the promotion) who warms up his car at 6:30, just when we arising (fortunately) and scoots off - why don't you needle the brass to give you a nice blonde assistant, Joe?.... while doing some work at the Mason City hospital the other month we visited with Kay Dunphy's sister, who is Sister Claudine, and a most charming woman.

The February schedule pretty busy around this shack what with my showing the Mexican travelog, Dad-daughter date night for Girl Scouts, a business meeting in Chicago, chaperoning two dances, plus run-of-the-mill activities....and Mom and I now being measured for suits of armor so that next time we chaperone a dance we won't be in danger of injury during the rock-n-roll numbers....Joey Paradiso well cushioned for these shocks, but we're not....and we still continue to get a kick out of college styles; in our day to be a real "cat" you had to have (1) a yellow rain slicker completely covered with cartoons, girls' names, current slang expressions, etc.; (2) corduroy trousers with bell bottoms having a circumference of 22 inches; (3) for summer a white ensemble - white linen suit, white buck shoes, white socks, shirt, tie....in giving the Mexican travelog to the ladies of St. Anthony's we charged them 5 bucks; just for kicks, since it's really robbing Peter to pay Paul, but the only time in history the Holy Name Society ever got anything oyt of the gals....Mrs. John Hanrahan wins 25 bucks in a contest at Tri-State Wallpaper store; nice going Mrs. H.our spies report Moe and Doe Marshall frolicking at the St. Pat's dance at Melody Mill....and we wondering whether Frankie still romancing, but with summer in the offing we'll be out and around more to keep track of these things....at the last count 7 out of a possible 9 members of St. Anthony's parish are engaged in the Central Catholic High School drive; that's in our block alone, not counting our adjacent neighbor, Clete Heitzman; does any other block in the parish have that distinction?....no wonder Msgr. Stemm holds us up as a shining example; if every other neighborhood was like that we wouldn't even have to go out and collect....and a fond requiem to the mass cards which used to repose in St. Anthony's pews - may they rest in peace.... at the Clarke junior prom Mom and I chaperones, Carole on entertainment committee, Diane serving punch; the twins not yet old enough to do anything, or it would have been unanimous....but the Koester small fry made more money parking wraps than Diane did serving punch.

Re the big debate about Tito visiting the U.S.A., shame on the New York demos for trying to stop Ike, who certainly has the broadest peace program yet put forth; and if we don't meet with our dissenters how can we expect to change their minds?....in case you wonder where your money's been going here's the dope from a recent magazine - since 1939 personal taxes have increased 1517%, personal income increased 97%, the standard of living increased an estimated 25%; the moral is that if you want to beat the game go into politics or government - they're here to stay!....we think the nadir of personal and moral integrity low was reached when labor racketeer Brewster accused a dead man (poor guy can't even say one word in his own defense) of spending most of a missing \$100,000....reminds us that Mark Twain once said, "You don't just throw bad habits out the window - you coax them downstairs a step at a time."....we chuckling over a book of cartoons on marriage and can't help but quote a few lines from the clever introduction; "From Adam & Eve on down, Man and Woman have lived together in various degrees of harmony and discord. For love of a woman, man has conquered nations singlehanded, wrestled with lions, scaled the highest peaks, swum the Hellespont, and washed the dishes. And Woman has baked apple pies, knitted socks, painted nails, plucked brows and haunted local beauty parlors, solely for the love of a man. But whether it be Romeo & Juliet, Davis & Bathsheba, or Li'l Abner & Daisy Mae, they all have the same idea in mind - to work out some "modus vivendi" that stands at least a chance of lasting a lifetime."; and that about sums it up!

Now a few words about the block picnic; receiving the tally sheet back we find 3 families participated in both a picnic and an Xmas party; 10 families participated in either one or the other; 3 families have not managed either one to date -- so why don't you three get together as soon as possible and set a date, arrange the set-up, etc; the Mayor will see that the tent is supplied as usual, through courtesy of Mr. Syd Haudenschild; the sooner the date is set the easier it will be for everyone to plan on attending, which is the reason why we have always tried to set the date several months ahead of time - since it's obvious that no date will meet everyone's convenience, at least no one can say they didn't know far enough ahead of time....as soon as you have it worked out send a note around via pony express.

Publicity for the block continues apace; Father Kuhn's picture in the T-H on Feb. 8th, and very dudish, too; then a very charming picture of Maureen Renier in the Feb. 17th T-H, as monologist in "Preps on Parade" (and we might add that those of you who missed that show are much the poorer for it); then a few days later our Diane and the "Oklahoma" group pictured; and in that same Feb. 24th paper our Carole mentioned in an article on the Clarke prom and Frankie Glab's name mentioned in another article....Carole's boy friend off to Pensacola, Fla. for further capers in the air, and this summer she and three other Clarke girls to work at the Teller House at famed Central City, Colorado - so if your vacation happens to take you to the Colorado rockies, don't miss Central City and a visit to the Teller House.... incidentally, Mom and I there quite a few summers ago....since this is only the middle of March we're going to break off here for the moment with the thought that the folks we see the least of during the winter (and among those we miss most) are Ed and Roz Lyons....and it seems about time for Handsome Bob Dunphy to have his picture in the paper again....at the last minute along comes our Diane getting headlines as 4th place winner in a state essay contest, she to get a scroll personally signed by President Eisenhower....2 days later Carole elected to the 2nd top position in the Clarke student body governing council, meaning some more headlines and Mom and I beginning to feel like we're poor relations.

Remember when derby hats were popular? and when people hung a funeral wreath on the front door when a death occurred? We leave you with this little thought -- in 1956 one in every five families changed domiciles; the new suggested greeting for someone you haven't bumped into for a long while is "Where are you living this year?" We'll see you out in the garden in another month!

THE MAYOR OF SUNNYVIEW DRIVE